

**IDW**

ISSUE #1

**METZEN  
DILLE  
RAMONDELLI**

THE **TRANS**



**FORMERS**

**MONSTROSITY**





# THE TRANSFORMERS

Long ago, on the planet Cybertron... After eons of despotic rule, the lineage of the cruel and unjust Primes was broken by police officer Orion Pax and the renegade Megatron—leader of the Decepticons. Together, they overthrew Zeta Prime—but Megatron betrayed Orion, leaving him for dead. Orion uncovered the Matrix of Leadership and defeated the Decepticons, freeing Cybertron and becoming Optimus Prime.

But the world's problems are far from over...

## MONSTROSITY

Chapter 1: DERELICTS

Story by: CHRIS METZEN & FLINT DILLE

Art by: LIVIO RAMONDELLI

Letters by: TOM B. LONG

Editor: JOHN BARBER

Special thanks to Hasbro's Aaron Archer, Jerry Jivoin, Michael Verret, Ed Lane, Joe Furfaro, Jos Huxley, Andy Schmidt, Heather Hopkins, and Michael Kelly for their invaluable assistance.

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CYBERTRON.

**KADN, THE ABANDONED  
DISTRICT OF WRECKAGE ROW.**

WELL, **STRONGBOX**, I'LL BE GLAD WHEN WE DELIVER THIS SHIPMENT TO **IACON**. THIS NEIGHBORHOOD ALWAYS GIVES ME THE CREEPS.

C'MON, **NIGHTSHIFT**—THERE'S NO ONE OUT HERE BUT US. AIN'T NOTHIN' TO GRIND YOUR CLUTCH ABOUT.

YEAH, PAL—**FAMOUS LAST WOR—**

**BRAKA BOOM**

LET'S GET IT DONE, **DYNOBOTS**! THEY'RE OUT COLD, BUT POLICE ARRIVE IN **THREE MINUTES**!

IF **SWINDLE** WAS RIGHT ABOUT THIS SCORE, WE CAN FINALLY AFFORD TO GET OFF-WORLD!

**STUPID**, TRUSTING THAT **DECEPTICON**...

**SHUT UP AND MOVE!**

**CLOCK'S TICKING!**

**CHARGE SET!**

**KRAA KOON**





THAT'S IT?  
AIN'T EVEN *HALF*  
OF WHAT SWINDLE  
PROMISED!

THIS IS  
*BAD*. WHAT  
THE HELL WE  
DO NOW?

SNARL  
AND SLUDGE  
ARE BRINGING  
THE TRUCK—



POLICE  
INBOUND!  
MOVE IT!



LOAD UP.  
WE'RE *DONE*  
HERE.

BACK TO THE  
SAFE HOUSE  
*GRIMLOCK?*

NO. GOT ONE  
*LAST STOP*  
BEFORE DAWN...



**LATER—  
THE RAW DEAL  
PAWN BROKER.**

I SWEAR,  
GRIMLOCK, IT  
AIN'T MY  
FAULT!

EVER SINCE  
*MEGATRON* GOT  
TAKEN OUT, INTEL ON  
THE STREET'S BEEN  
*IFFY!* DECEPTICON  
SOURCES *AIN'T* WHAT  
THEY USED TO BE.

SHOULD HAND  
YOU OVER TO THE  
*AUTOBOTS*,  
SWINDLE...

**CREEK**

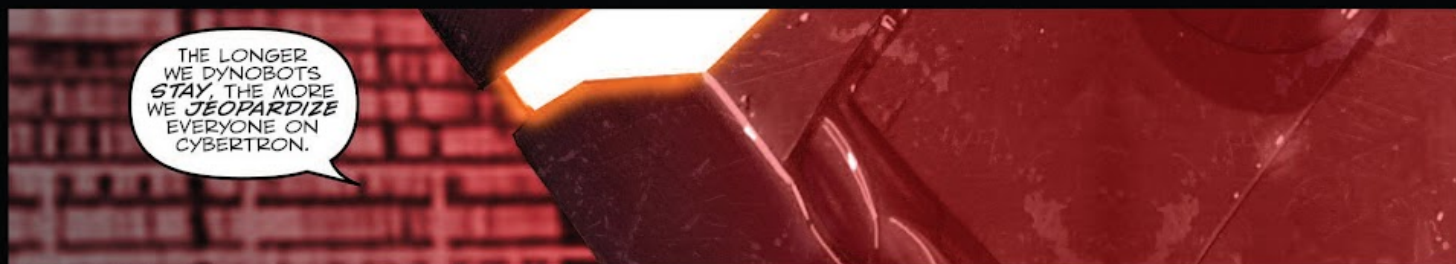


...BUT I MAY  
*NEED* YOU  
LATER. GET  
OUT OF MY  
SIGHT.

BACK WHERE  
WE *STARTED*.  
NOT ENOUGH  
CREDITS TO GET  
OFF-WORLD.

WE'RE  
RUNNING  
OUT OF TIME,  
GRIMLOK.

I *KNOW!*



THE LONGER  
WE DYNOBOTS  
STAY, THE MORE  
WE *JEOPARDIZE*  
EVERYONE ON  
CYBERTRON.



# METROPLEX. INAUGURAL MEETING OF THE GRAND CONVOCAATION.



BROTHERS,  
WE HAVE WON  
THE WAR. NOW  
WE MUST SEIZE  
THE PEACE.

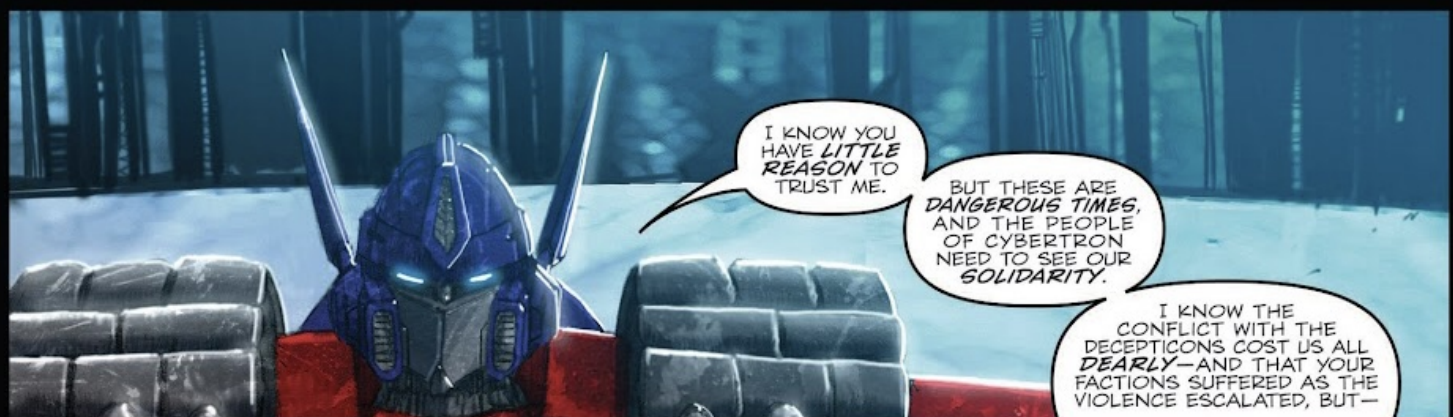
ONLY TOGETHER  
CAN WE REBUILD  
OUR SOCIETY—AND  
FORGE A FUTURE FOR  
ALL CYBERTRONIANS.



I AM YOUR *PRIME*, BUT  
UNLIKE *ZETA*—AND THOSE  
WHO PRECEDED HIM—IT IS  
NOT MY INTENTION TO  
LORD OVER YOU...

...BUT TO  
*PARTNER* WITH  
YOU AND SHARE  
THE BURDEN  
OF LEADERSHIP  
FOR *ALL* OUR  
PEOPLE.

ADMITTEDLY,  
THERE IS STILL  
MUCH FOR ME  
TO LEARN.



I KNOW YOU  
HAVE *LITTLE*  
REASON TO  
TRUST ME.

BUT THESE ARE  
*DANGEROUS* TIMES,  
AND THE PEOPLE  
OF CYBERTRON  
NEED TO SEE OUR  
*SOLIDARITY*.

I KNOW THE  
CONFLICT WITH THE  
DECEPTICONS COST US ALL  
*DEARLY*—AND THAT YOUR  
FACTIONS SUFFERED AS THE  
VIOLENCE ESCALATED, BUT—



ARE WE TO BE  
LED BY ONE OF  
ZETA'S FORMER  
ENFORCERS?

A *RUTHLESS*  
OPPRESSOR WHO  
BROUGHT ONLY  
DEVASTATION  
TO MAINTAIN  
"ORDER"?

YES, "*OPTIMUS*."  
WE ALL KNOW YOU NOW  
CARRY THE *MATRIX*—AND  
THAT IS ITS OWN AFFRONT—  
BUT DO YOU TRULY EXPECT  
US TO BUY THIS NEWFOUND  
*BENEVOLENCE*?

MY  
FOLLOWERS—  
THE *CIRCLE OF*  
LIGHT—WILL NOT  
EXCHANGE ONE  
TYRANT FOR  
ANOTHER!

PIPE  
DOWN,  
*ATLAS*.



OPTIMUS  
TOOK OUT  
ZETA AND CUT  
THAT MONSTER  
*MEGATRON*  
DOWN TO SIZE.

FAR AS I'M  
CONCERNED, HE'S  
*EARNED* THIS.



AND WHAT OF  
YOUR ENGINEERING  
GUILD, *BULKHEAD*?  
DO THEY SHARE  
YOUR VIEWS?

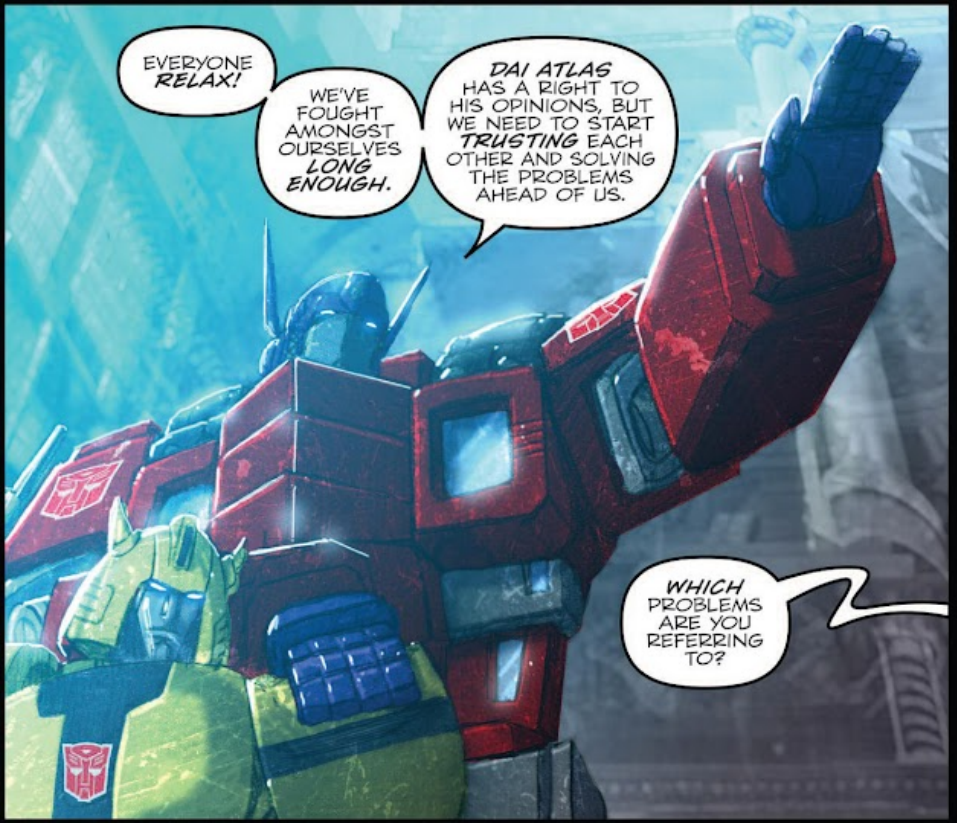
ARE THEY  
WILLING TO TRUST  
PLANET-WIDE  
INDUSTRY TO THIS  
WARMONGERING  
*CHARLATAN*?





HE WAS CHOSEN BY THE **MATRIX**, ATLAS!

SHOW SOME **RESPECT**!



EVERYONE **RELAX**!

WE'VE FOUGHT AMONGST OURSELVES **LONG ENOUGH**.

DAI ATLAS HAS A RIGHT TO HIS OPINIONS, BUT WE NEED TO START **TRUSTING** EACH OTHER AND SOLVING THE PROBLEMS AHEAD OF US.

WHICH PROBLEMS ARE YOU REFERRING TO?



THE **GLOBAL ENERGON CRISIS** YOUR LEADERSHIP HAS **FAILED** TO STEM OR THE RECENT RISE OF **VIOLENT DECEPTICON ATTACKS** YOUR AUTOBOTS HAVE **FAILED** TO PREVENT?

PROGRESS TAKES **TIME**. WE'RE HERE TODAY TO FIND SOLUTIONS TOGETHER.

YOU'RE THE ONE **POSING** AS "PRIME"...



...FIND YOUR **OWN** SOLUTIONS.

DON'T WALK OUT ON THIS, ATLAS. ALL THE STRIFE WILL HAVE BEEN FOR **NOTHING** IF WE DON'T INVEST IN EACH OTHER NOW.



VERY WELL, **OPTIMUS**. I WILL STAY...



...OUT OF RESPECT FOR THE **MATRIX**.



## DEEP SPACE.

ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THESE COORDINATES, **ASTROTRAIN**?

I'M STARTING TO THINK WE'RE **LOST**!

TELEMETRY SAYS WE'RE CLOSE, **STARSCREAM**.

'COURSE, RUMOR HAS IT NO ONE'S BEEN OUT THIS WAY FOR A **FEW MILLION YEARS**...

THIS IS A WASTE OF TIME! **SCORPONOK**—WE SHOULD HAVE **FINISHED** THIS BUSINESS BACK ON CYBERTRON!

I, FOR ONE, AM NOT **THREATENED** BY YOUR QUESTIONING, **STARSCREAM**—BUT I RULE THE DECEPTICONS NOW. THIS IS MY WILL.

YES, A PUBLIC EXECUTION WOULD HAVE BEEN CLEAN, LESS RISKY—BUT THIS... **THIS PUNISHMENT** WILL BECOME **LEGEND**.

I DON'T SEE HOW...

...BESIDES, YOU KNOW HOW RESILIENT HE CAN BE.

I'M NOT **TOO** WORRIED—

—MEGATRON'S SEEN BETTER DAYS.

THE NEW **PRIME** SURE DID A NUMBER ON HIM. NEVER SEEN HIM TAKE A **BEATING** LIKE THAT.

PRECISELY. DECEPTICONS WON'T FOLLOW **WEAKNESS**.

HIS **BANISHMENT** WILL SERVE AS AN **OBJECT LESSON** FOR THOSE STILL LOYAL TO HIM. AND, SHOULD THEY ATTEMPT TO RESCUE HIM FROM THIS PLACE...

...THEY'LL BE FORCED TO **SHARE** HIS FATE.

GENTLEMEN, WE'VE **ARRIVED**. I'LL MAINTAIN HIGH ORBIT 'TIL YOU'RE READY.

VSSHHH

YOU MAY BE **RIGHT**. BUT WE KNOW **NOTHING** OF THIS WORLD... ONLY **NIGHTMARE MYTHS** AND **SUPERSTITION**.







**METROPLEX, OUTSIDE  
OPTIMUS' QUARTERS.**

WELL, THE  
*CONVOCAATION'S*  
UP AND RUNNING. ALL  
THINGS CONSIDERED,  
IT COULD HAVE GONE  
A LOT *WORSE*.

THERE'S ALWAYS  
TOMORROW,  
*BUMBLEBEE*.

I BELIEVE DAI ATLAS  
WILL *COME AROUND*.  
WE JUST NEED TO PROVE  
TO HIM THAT WE CAN  
KEEP THE *PEACE*.

YEAH, STARTING  
WITH OUR *COUNCIL*  
*MEETINGS*. SEE YA  
TOMORROW, BOSS.



LONG  
DAY AT THE  
*OFFICE*?

WHO—?



—ALPHA  
TRION!

IT'S GOOD  
TO SEE YOU  
AGAIN, *MY*  
*FRIEND*.

I'VE BEEN  
WATCHING YOU  
WITH *GREAT*  
*INTEREST*.

FOR SOMEONE  
BUILT PRIMARILY  
FOR *COMBAT*, YOU  
SEEM TO BE HOLDING  
YOUR OWN IN THE  
EQUALLY TREACHEROUS  
*POLITICAL* ARENA.

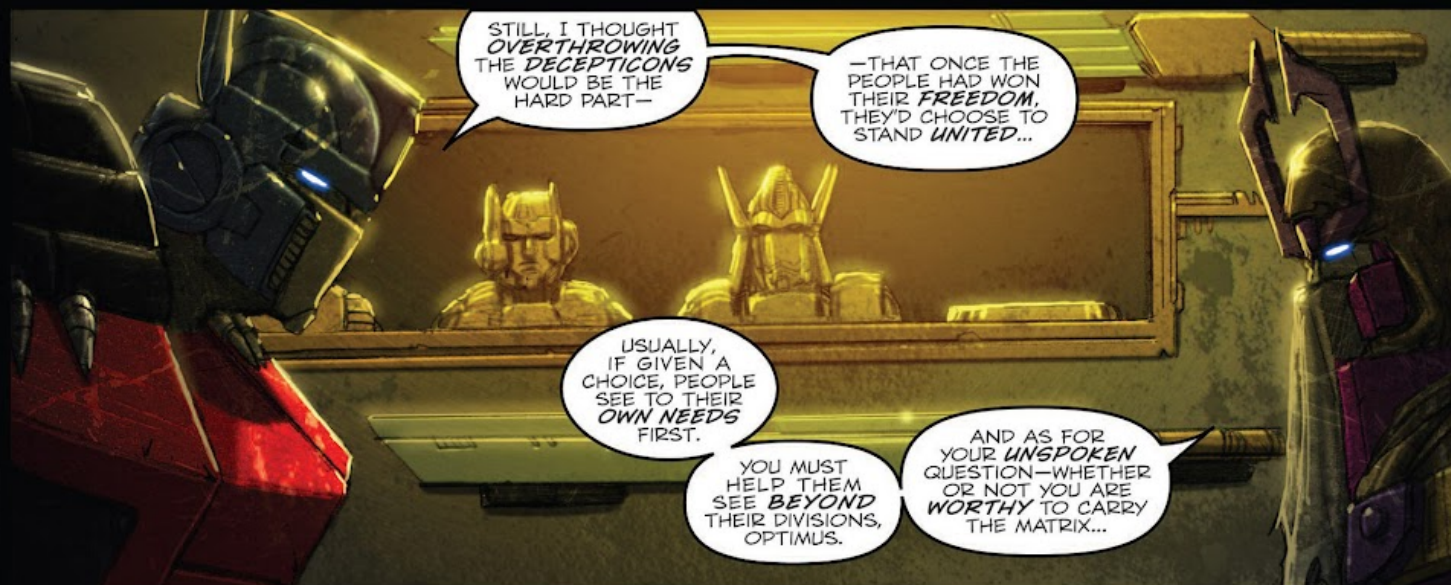


THAT'S  
*DEBATABLE*.  
WHEN I FIRST  
TOUCHED THE  
MATRIX, I  
FELT SUCH...  
*SURETY*.

SINCE  
THEN, ITS...  
*INFLUENCE*  
HAS QUIETED. I'M  
LEFT TO RELY  
ON MY OWN  
*INSTINCTS*.

AND DO  
THEY NOT  
SERVE YOU?

BUILDING THE  
CONVOCAATION TO  
*SHARE* FACTIONAL  
AUTHORITY WAS A  
VERY *CLEVER* TACTIC.



STILL, I THOUGHT  
*OVERTHROWING*  
THE *DECEPTICONS*  
WOULD BE THE  
HARD PART—

—THAT ONCE THE  
PEOPLE HAD WON  
THEIR *FREEDOM*,  
THEY'D CHOOSE TO  
STAND *UNITED*...

USUALLY,  
IF GIVEN A  
CHOICE, PEOPLE  
SEE TO THEIR  
*OWN NEEDS*  
FIRST.

YOU MUST  
HELP THEM  
SEE *BEYOND*  
THEIR DIVISIONS,  
OPTIMUS.

AND AS FOR  
YOUR *UNspoken*  
QUESTION—WHETHER  
OR NOT YOU ARE  
*WORTHY* TO CARRY  
THE MATRIX...



...THAT IS  
SOMETHING  
YOU MUST  
ANSWER FOR  
YOURSELF.



**JUNKION.**

NOT DEAD.

BUT *BROKEN*.

DEFEATED.

BETRAYED...

...BUT *UNCONQUERED*.

I AM *MEGATRON*.

BOUNTY  
FROM THE  
HEAVENS.  
FEAST FOR  
KINGS.

FELL FROM  
THE SKY ON  
FLIGHTLESS  
WINGS!

I AM SUPREME.

LET'S  
DO THIS.

**TO BE CONTINUED!**



**IDW**  
ISSUE #2

**METZEN  
DILLE  
RAMONDELLI**

**THE TRANSFORMERS**



**FORMERS**

**MONSTROSITY**



*Lee Garbett*



# THE TRANSFORMERS

Long ago, on the planet Cybertron... after eons of despotic rule, Optimus Prime tries to unite the populace around his new government. Scorponok takes control of the Decepticons, whose brief takeover of Cybertron ended in defeat. Exiled, their former leader, Megatron, finds himself on an unfamiliar world. Meanwhile, Grimlock and the Dynobots have a terrifying secret...

## MONSTROSITY

Chapter 2: WRECKAGE

Story by: CHRIS METZEN & FLINT DILLE

Art by: LIVIO RAMONDELLI

Letters by: TOM B. LONG

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# CYBERTRON. THE RUST BUCKET.





**JUNKION.  
THE SCRAP WASTES.**

EVEN WHEN NOTHING  
ELSE REMAINS BUT  
ASH AND RUST...

...THERE ARE  
ALWAYS THOSE  
WILLING TO FIGHT.

THOSE WHO THINK  
THEMSELVES **STRONG...**

...WHO THINK  
THEMSELVES...

...SAVAGE.

KRAK  
TISH

GWA-RANNG

KRANG





ULTIMATELY, THEY  
WILL ALL COME  
TO UNDERSTAND...



...THAT MEGATRON...

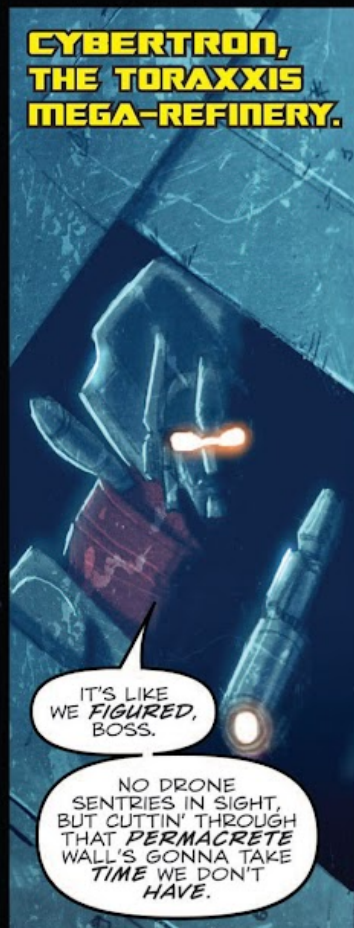
...IS...



...SUPREME.



**CYBERTRON,  
THE TORAXXIS  
MEGA-REFINERY.**



IT'S LIKE  
WE FIGURED,  
BOSS.

NO DRONE  
SENTRIES IN SIGHT,  
BUT CUTTIN' THROUGH  
THAT *PERMACRETE*  
WALL'S GONNA TAKE  
TIME WE DON'T  
HAVE.



SIT TIGHT,  
SLAG.

WRECKING  
BALL'S  
INBOUND!

SWOOP?

DROPPING  
HIM NOW,  
GRIMLOCK!

READY,  
SLUDGE?

HEH.  
FUN.



BOMBS  
AWAY!



GET IT  
IN GEAR,  
SLUDGE!

THIS  
AIN'T NO  
BREAK  
TIME!

...GIVE  
YOU  
BREAK  
TIME.



GRIMLOCK,  
WE'RE IN.  
ENCOUNTERING  
MODERATE  
RESISTANCE.

WHERE'S  
SNARL  
WITH THAT  
TANKER?

YOU STICK  
TO PLAN! ME  
WORRY ABOUT  
SNARL!

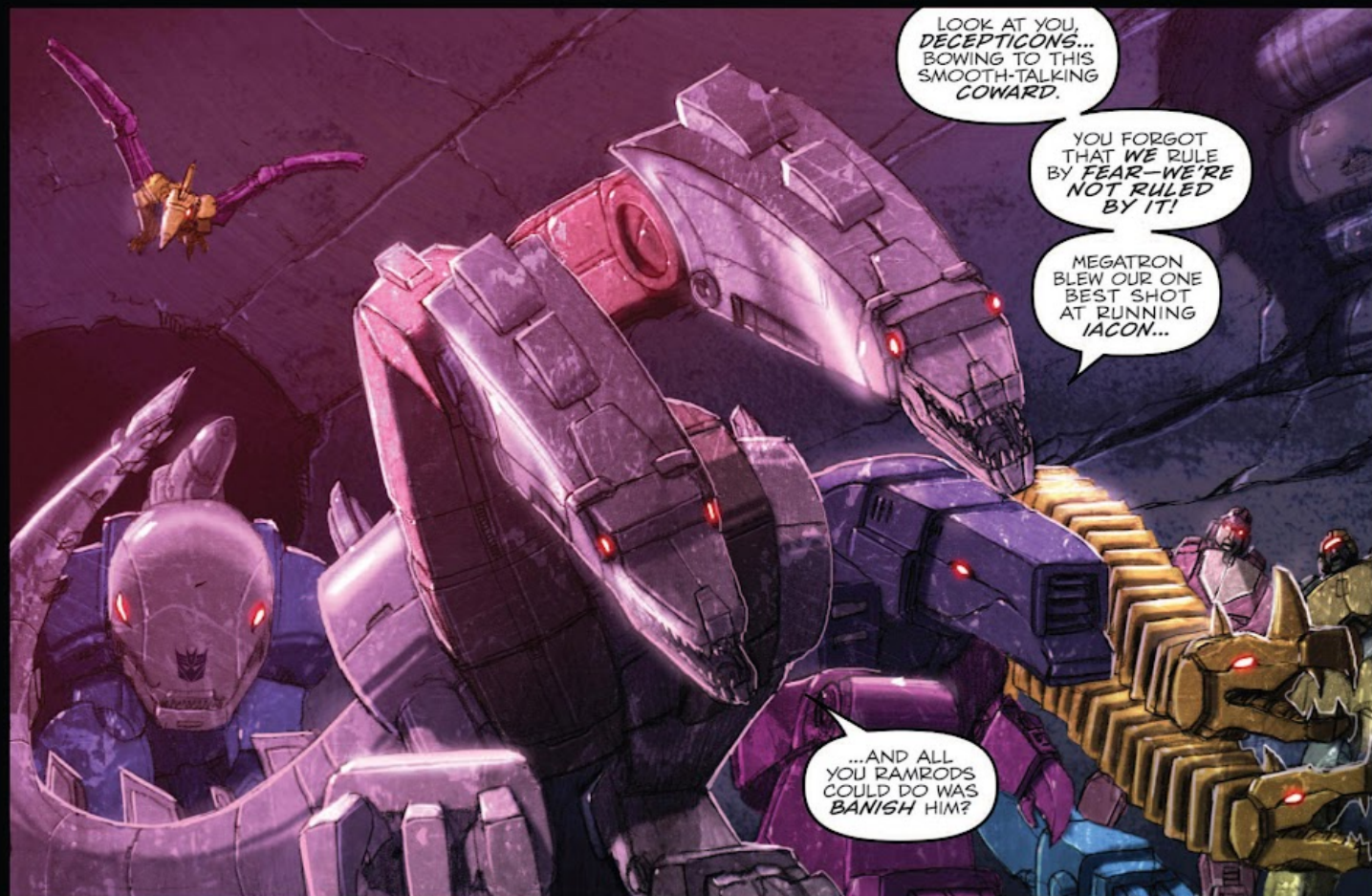
WHATEVER  
YOU SAY...  
BOSS.



## KOLKULAR, DECEPTICON HEADQUARTERS.







LOOK AT YOU, **DECEPTICONS**... BOWING TO THIS SMOOTH-TALKING COWARD.

YOU FORGOT THAT **WE** RULE BY **FEAR**—WE'RE NOT RULED BY IT!

MEGATRON BLEW OUR ONE BEST SHOT AT RUNNING **IACON**...

...AND ALL YOU RAMRODS COULD DO WAS **BANISH** HIM?



EASY FOR YOU TO SAY, **HUN-GAR**—YOU COULDN'T EVEN BE BOTHERED TO FIGHT ALONGSIDE US.

BUT I'M SURE IF YOU **HAD**, YOU AND YOUR **TERRORCON**S WOULD HAVE HAD THE NEW **PRIME** SHAKING IN HIS SHOCK ABSORBERS.



I SEE RIGHT **THROUGH** YOU, **SCORPONOK**.

MAKE NO MISTAKE, WE'LL HANDLE THIS NEW **PRIME** **SOON** ENOUGH.

BUT FOR NOW, WE'RE GONNA TAKE CARE OF THE **BUSINESS** YOU WERE TOO AFRAID TO FINISH.

ARE YOU CHALLENGING MY LEADERSHIP, **TERRORCON**?

I'D HAVE TO **ACKNOWLEDGE** IT, FIRST.



GENTLEMEN, PERHAPS WE SHOULD SAVE IT FOR THE **AUTOBOTS**...

SHUT YOUR FACE, **STARSCREAM**...

...OR I'LL **EAT** YOU.

AS LONG AS **MEGATRON LIVES**, OUR ENEMIES WILL NOT **FEAR** US.



SO THE **TERRORCONS** WILL GO TO THIS **JUNKION**—AND END HIM.

BUT, **SCORPONOK**—WHEN WE GET BACK...



...WE'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO BE **REALLY** AFRAID OF.



## JUNKION.

SYNAPTEK SERVOS  
BARELY *RESPONSIVE*.

AUTONOMIC  
CALIBRATORS  
ARE *SHOT*.

CAN BARELY  
FOCUS... OR  
SHUT OUT  
THE *AGONY*.

BUT THIS WORLD  
OF *WRECKAGE*...

...WILL PROVIDE ALL  
THAT I *REQUIRE*...

I AM *MORE* THAN  
THE SUM OF MY  
COMPONENTS.

I AM THE COLD  
IRON HAND OF  
*VENGEANCE*.

I AM THE UNRELENTING  
SPECTER OF *REVENGE*.

ALL THAT REMAINS  
IS TO *STAND*...

...AND SHOW THE  
DENIZENS OF THIS  
CURSED WORLD WHAT  
*HELL* REALLY IS.



**MEANWHILE: TORAXXIS MEGA-REFINERY.**

THESE DAMN  
DRONES JUST  
KEEP COMIN'!

THEY'RE  
NETWORKED, BUT  
IT'S A SHORT-RANGE  
SIGNAL PULSE!

THEN  
WHOEVER'S  
CONTROLLIN'  
'EM MUST BE  
NEARBY!

WE BETTER  
FIND HIM,  
FAST!

THERE'S  
MORE DRONES  
MOVIN' IN ON  
OUR LEFT!

THERE'S  
NO NEED  
TO SEEK  
ME OUT.

AND THERE'S  
NOWHERE LEFT  
FOR YOU TO HIDE.  
THE DRONES RESPOND  
TO MY COMMANDS—  
AND I HAVE MANY,  
MANY MORE.

YOU ARE  
IMPOSSIBLY  
OUTNUMBERED—  
YOU THREE  
MISCREANTS MAY  
AS WELL—

WHO SAID  
ANYTHING  
ABOUT  
"THREE"?

-URRK...

CHUK

THE DRONES ARE  
DEACTIVATING!  
CUTTIN' IT A BIT  
CLOSE THERE,  
BOSS.

HEH. YOU  
MAKE CUT  
JOKE.

DON'T  
HURT  
YOURSELF,  
SLUDGE...

BOSS—  
SNARL'S STILL  
RUNNING LATE  
WITH OUR  
TANKER.

WHAT  
NOW?

"WHAT NOW"  
IS WE HUNKER  
DOWN AND  
PREP FOR A  
LONG NIGHT.

WE GOT  
FUEL TO  
STEAL.

**TO BE CONTINUED!**



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ISSUE #3

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THE **TRANS**



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**MONSTR0SITY**





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while Optimus Prime tries to unite the populace  
around his new government, Scorponok takes  
control of the Decepticons, exiling their former  
leader, Megatron, on the terrifying world of Junkion.  
Meanwhile, Grimlock and his renegade Dynobots  
plan to make a big score in order to get off-planet...

## MONSTROSITY

Chapter 3: FACES OF DARKNESS

Story by: CHRIS METZEN & FLINT DILLE

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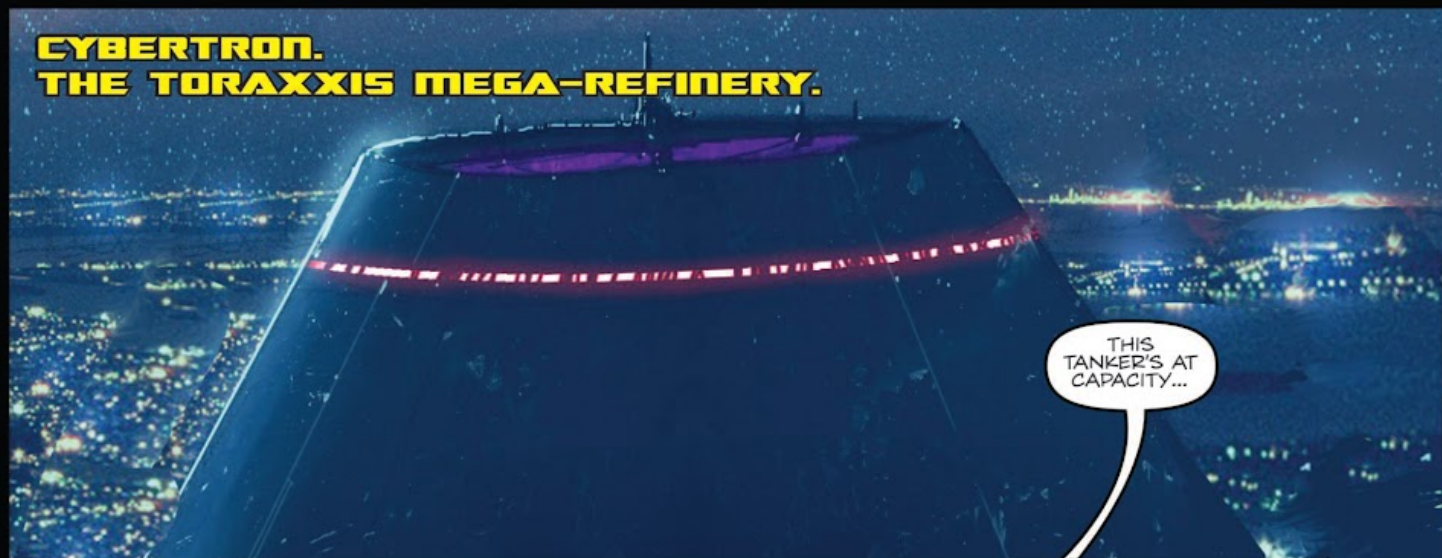
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**CYBERTRON.  
THE TORAXXIS MEGA-REFINERY.**



THIS  
TANKER'S AT  
CAPACITY...



...Y'KNOW,  
WE COULD  
PULL OVER  
A **MILLION**  
**CREDITS** FOR  
ALL THIS  
ENERGON,  
**SLAG...**

YOU IMAGINE  
IF WE WERE **REAL**  
CRIMINALS?

WE COULD  
LIVE LIKE  
KINGS FROM  
THIS SCORE.

YEAH.  
WE'D HAVE  
IT **MADE**,  
RIGHT?



EXCEPT THAT  
WE **WOULDN'T**.  
WE'RE TICKING  
TIME BOMBS—  
EVERY ONE  
OF US.

WE GOTTA  
EARN WHAT  
WE CAN AND  
GET OFF THIS  
PLANET BEFORE  
WE SNAP AND DO  
ANY **SERIOUS**  
DAMAGE.

I FEEL THE  
**RAGE** JUST  
LIKE YOU,  
SWOOP.

DON'T  
NEED A DAMN  
LECTURE.

WHAT'S WITH  
ALL THE  
**CHATTER**?



WE GOT **TWO MORE**  
TANKERS TO FILL  
BEFORE DAWN AND  
THE AUTO-DEFENSES  
RECYCLE!

THERE'S  
NO TIME  
FOR THIS!



YOU'RE  
OUTTA LINE,  
**GRIMLOCK!**

YOU GOT  
US INTO THIS  
DAMN MESS IN  
THE FIRST PLACE,  
BUT YOU LORD  
OVER US LIKE  
YOU'RE ABOVE  
IT ALL.

YOU  
PIPE THE  
FUEL—



—I'M OUT.

FORGET  
HIM.

OH, COME ON!  
**HE'S ONE OF US!**  
WE GOTTA STICK  
TOGETHER.

RIGHT NOW,  
**WE'RE** ALL WE'VE  
GOT LEFT.



## JUNKION-THE HOWLING WASTES.

THIS CURSED WORLD NEVER CEASES TO AMAZE ME. EVEN THE **STORMS** HERE CAN KILL...

THE **IONIZED ACID RAIN** BURNS THROUGH MY PLATING.

I WANT TO KEEP MOVING, BUT IT SEEMS **FINDING SHELTER** AND **WAITING OUT THE STORM** ARE MY ONLY VIABLE ALTERNATIVES.

STILL, I SENSE A **MALEVOLENCE** WITHIN THIS RUSTED HULK...

COME, **WANDERER**... STEP INTO THE DARKNESS...

WHO'S THERE? SHOW YOURSELF!

YOU'VE COME... BORNE UPON THE WINDS OF THE STORM, **WANDERER**... TO THIS VERY MOMENT.

WHO... WHAT ARE YOU?

AN EXILE, LIKE YOURSELF.

I AM CALLED **PENTIUS**.

A KING WITHOUT A THRONE.

I HAVE BEEN MAROONED HERE FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS... TRAPPED WITHIN THIS GNARLED WRECKAGE...

BUT THE **DARKNESS**... IT TOLD ME YOU WOULD COME.

COME?

MY ONLY CONCERN IS FINDING A WAY OFF THIS DAMNED WORLD.

THE WAY IS DARK AND TWISTING, **WANDERER**... FRAUGHT WITH GREAT PERIL.

MEGATRON FEARS NOTHING.

PERHAPS. BUT TO SURVIVE THIS MONSTROUS WORLD...

...YOU MUST BECOME **MONSTROUS** YOURSELF.



**KOLKULAR,  
CENTRAL  
COMMAND  
CENTER.**

YOUR *PRETTY SPEECHES* WILL ONLY KEEP THE RANK AND FILE DAZZLED FOR SO LONG, *SCORPONOK*.

SOONER OR LATER, YOU'LL HAVE TO BACK UP YOUR TALK WITH REAL ACTION.

I DO SO VALUE YOUR WIT AND INSIGHT, *STARSCREAM*.

I CAN'T IMAGINE *WHY* MEGATRON KEPT YOU AT ARM'S LENGTH.

HE NEVER HAD MUCH TRUST FOR *POLITICIANS*.

STILL, I AGREE WITH YOUR *ASSESSMENT*. THE TIME TO STRIKE HAS COME.

SOUNDWAVE REPORTS THAT THE NEW *PRIME* HAS FORMED A *CONVOCAION* OF VARIOUS FACTION LEADERS.

AS USUAL, THEY CAN'T AGREE ON THE *COLOR* OF *ENGINE GRIME*, BUT THE ONE INITIATIVE THEY DO VALUE IS THE IMMEDIATE REESTABLISHMENT OF *POWER* AND *CIVIL SERVICES* TO THE *TORUS-STATES*.

THAT'S LAUGHABLE, GIVEN THE *ENERGON SHORTAGE*. ZETA'S *VAMPARC* WEAPONS DRAINED IACON'S EMERGENCY RESERVES.\*

WHERE'S THE *PRIME* THINK HE'S GOING TO *GET* THE POWER?

THAT'S THE QUESTION, EXACTLY.

\*SEE TRANSFORMERS: AUTOCRACY!

AND THE ANSWER IS *THIS*—THE *TORAXXIS MEGA-REFINERY*.

IT'S REMOTE, LIGHTLY DEFENDED—AND PUTS OUT NEARLY *EIGHT BILLION* MEGALITERS OF REFINED ENERAGON PER PRODUCTION CYCLE.

IT'S PERFECT FOR US.

THIS ISN'T JUST ABOUT *STEALING ENERAGON*...

*VERY OBSERVANT*. THE FUEL IS USEFUL TO US, CERTAINLY. BUT ONCE WE'VE THROWN GLOBAL ENERAGON PRODUCTION INTO CHAOS, THE *PRIME*'S NEW *CONVOCAION* WILL TEAR ITSELF APART OVER THE SCRAPS.

AND WITHOUT THE FACTIONS BACKING THEM... THE *AUTOBOTS* WILL BE EASY PREY.





**METROPLEX,  
AUTOBOT  
SPARRING  
ARENA.**

**KLANG**

FITTING YOU  
WOULD REQUEST TO  
MEET HERE IN THIS  
SPARRING CHAMBER,  
OPTIMUS.

THOUGH I'VE  
OFTEN WONDERED  
WHETHER YOUR **MORAL  
HIGH GROUND** IS STILL  
VISIBLE THROUGH THE  
RED HAZE OF **COMBAT**.



JUST...

**BWAAA**

...TRYING  
TO KEEP  
MY **EDGE**,  
**DAI ATLAS**.

**MELEE  
SEQUENCE  
EIGHTEEN,  
CONCLUDED.**

I THINK IT'S  
IMPORTANT  
THAT WE  
**TALK**—THAT WE  
UNDERSTAND  
EACH OTHER.

I AM **NOT**  
A TYRANT LIKE  
**ZETA**—AND YOU  
KNOW IT'S HARDER  
TO KEEP THE **PEACE**  
THAN FIGHT A **WAR**.



BUT I **WILL** FIGHT TO  
PROTECT OUR PEOPLE.  
TO DO THAT, I NEED  
**SOLDIERS**—AND I  
NEED THEM NOW.

I NEED RECRUITS WITH INTEGRITY  
AND CHARACTER—**BOTS** THAT  
YOU AND YOUR **CIRCLE OF  
LIGHT** CAN REACH.

I WON'T SEND  
MY FOLLOWERS  
TO **DIE** FOR THE  
SAKE OF YOUR  
CRUSADE.

THE  
**DECEPTICONS**  
ARE WATCHING  
ALL OF US,  
**ATLAS**!

IF THEY CONFUSE  
YOUR **PACIFISM** FOR  
WEAKNESS, THEY'LL HIT  
US WORSE THAN BEFORE!



**MELEE  
SEQUENCE  
NINETEEN,  
COMMENCING.**

**PACIFISM?**



**HAAA!**



**SHRING**

**SHRAAK**



YOU TRULY WISH  
TO **UNDERSTAND**  
ME, OPTIMUS?

I AM...  
**FAMILIAR**  
WITH **COMBAT**.  
I HAVE SEEN  
FIRSTHAND THE  
TERRIBLE COST OF  
UNRESTRAINED  
HATRED.

**VIOLENCE  
BEGETS ONLY  
VIOLENCE.**  
WHAT YOU CALL  
**PACIFISM**...

...I CALL  
**PATRIOTISM**.



# JUNKION.

THERE MUST BE A **SPACEPORT** I CAN REACH...

THERE ARE **NO** SETTLEMENTS ON THIS WORLD.

AS FAR AS I CAN DETERMINE, THE ONLY **SAFE** **PASSAGE** THROUGH THE **IONIZED** **ATMOSPHERE** IS THROUGH THE EYE OF THE STORM ITSELF.

AT ITS BASE LIES THE **PILLAR OF RUST**—A MASSIVE MOUND OF WRECKED SHIPS AND DETRITUS.

IT IS **THERE** YOU MUST GO.

HOW DO YOU **KNOW** THIS?

MY SHIP'S **TOPOGRAPHICAL** **SCHEMATICS**.

I'VE HAD **LITTLE ELSE** TO OCCUPY MY MIND FOR THE PAST CENTURIES, SO I **MEMORIZED** EVERY PEAK AND CRAG OF THIS WASTELAND.

I HAVE **SPIED** ITS COMINGS AND GOINGS FROM AFAR.

THEN THERE **HAVE** BEEN OTHERS? TRAVELERS WITH SHIPS?

VERY FEW.

WHY WOULD **ANYONE** VENTURE TO THIS FORSAKEN PLACE?

TO **HUNT**, OF COURSE, TO BE **TESTED**.

EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS WORLD IS **CRUEL** AND **UNMERCIFUL**.

IT IS A PLACE OF **TERRIBLE** **PURITY**, WHERE ONLY THE STRONG AND UNMERCIFUL CAN SURVIVE.

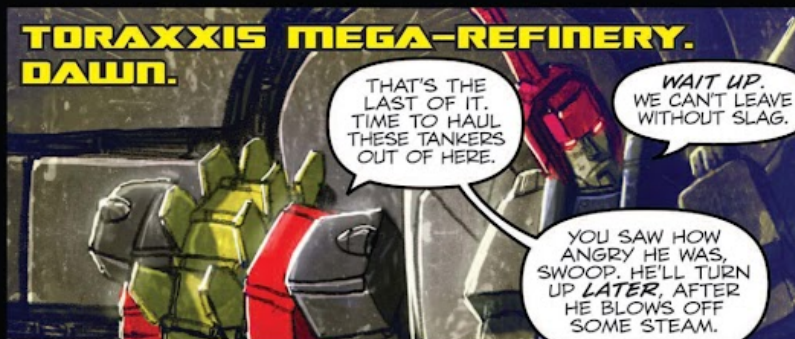
YOU MUST FACE ITS CHALLENGE...

...OR BE **DEVoured** BY IT.

**GWAH EEEING**

YOU'RE **FREEING** ME?

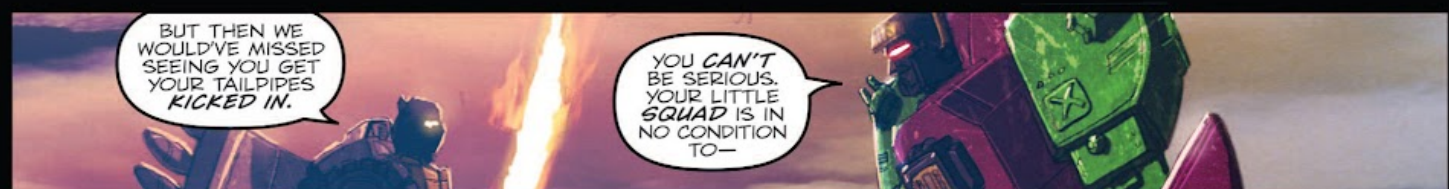
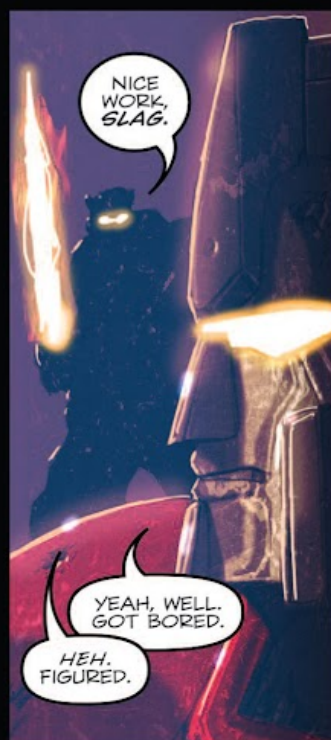














**IDW**  
ISSUE #4

**METZEN  
DILLE  
RAMONDELLI**

THE **TRANS**



**FORMERS**

**MONSTROSITY**





# THE TRANSFORMERS

Long ago, in the early days  
of the war on Cybertron...  
Exiled to the planet Junkion, Megatron makes an  
unusual alliance with a creature called Pentius as he  
tries to find passage off-world. Back on Cybertron,  
Grimlock and his renegade Dynobots raid an energon  
refinery—and are confronted by Scorponok and the  
Decepticons. With his options running out, Grimlock  
swallows his pride and calls in the Autobots...

## MONSTROSITY

Chapter 4: RAGE

Story by: CHRIS METZEN & FLINT DILLE

Art and Cover by: LIVIO RAMONDELLI

Letters by: TOM B. LONG

Editor: JOHN BARBER

Special thanks to Hasbro's Aaron Archer, Jerry Jivoin, Michael Verret, Ed Lane, Joe Furfaro, Jos Huxley, Andy Schmidt, Heather Hopkins, and Michael Kelly for their invaluable assistance.

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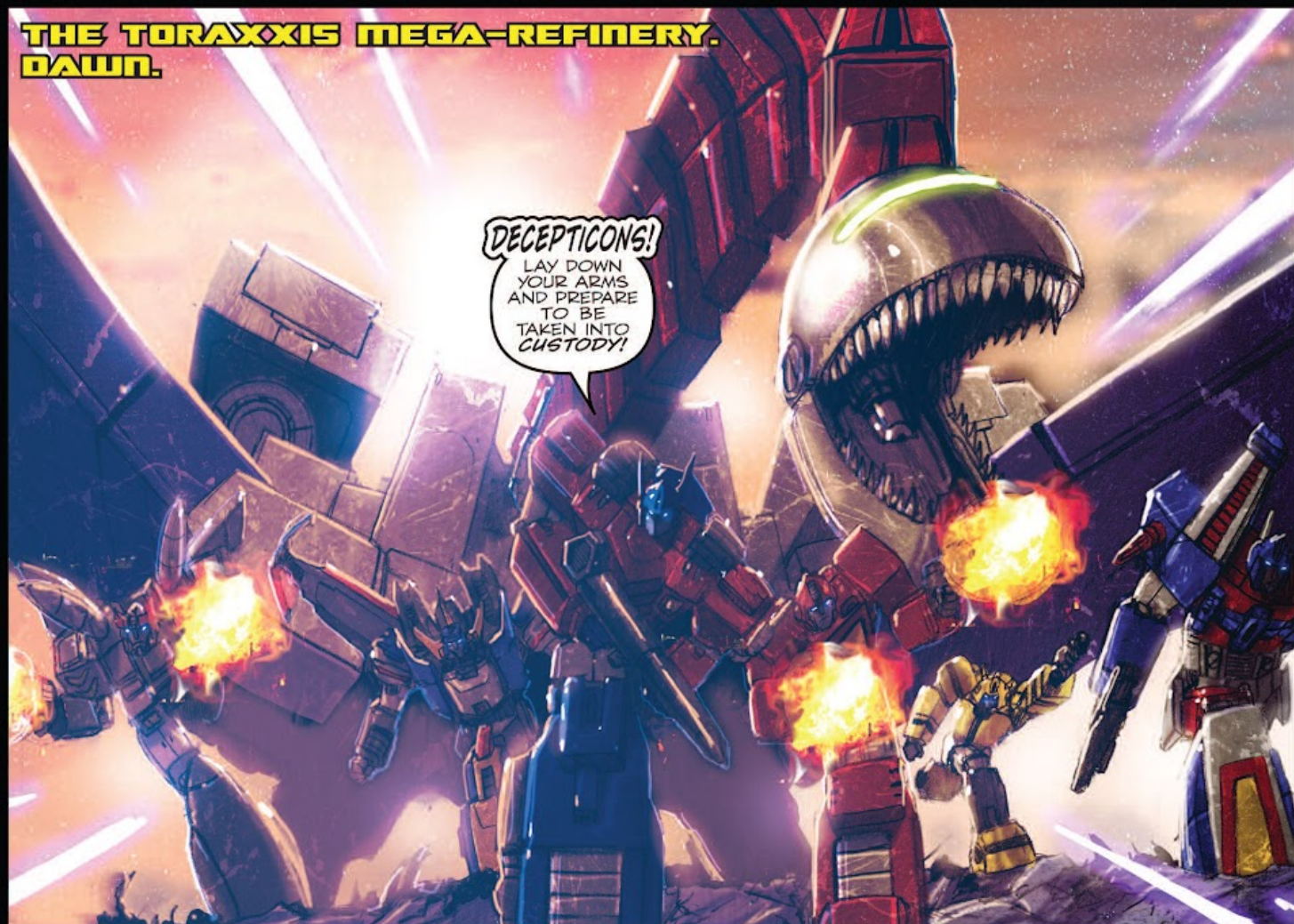
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# THE TORAXXIS MEGA-REFINERY. DAWN.



**DECEPTICONS!**  
LAY DOWN  
YOUR ARMS  
AND PREPARE  
TO BE  
TAKEN INTO  
CUSTODY!

UNBELIEVABLE...

SO LONG,  
**SCORPONOK.**  
GIVE MY REGARDS  
TO THE NEW  
PRIME.

WE'RE NOT  
DONE HERE,  
**GRIMLOCK!**



IF HE'S **SMART**,  
HE'LL LET IT GO.  
**DYNOBOTS—FALL  
BACK INTO THE  
REFINERY!**

WHAT  
ABOUT THE  
**AUTOBOTS?**  
SHOULDN'T WE—

THIS AIN'T  
OUR FIGHT.  
**NEVER WAS.**

THEY CAN  
ALL BLOW EACH  
OTHER TO HELL  
FOR ALL I CARE!

**NOW,  
MOVE!**



**NO!**

STARSCREAM,  
HOLD THE  
AUTOBOTS HERE  
WITH YOUR  
SEEKERS UNTIL  
**TANKOR'S DONE  
FUELING!**

WAIT,  
WHERE DO  
YOU THINK  
**YOU'RE  
GOING?**

THOSE  
DYNOBOTS  
AREN'T  
WORTH—

IT'S TIME  
YOU UNDERSTOOD,  
**STARSCREAM—**

—**NO ONE  
CROSSES  
SCORPONOK  
AND LIVES!**

SCORPONOK'S  
MAKIN' A BREAK  
FOR IT, BOSS. WE  
FOLLOWIN'?

I'LL TAKE  
CARE OF **HIM**,  
IRONHIDE.

YOUR JOB  
IS TO **SECURE**  
THIS REFINERY!

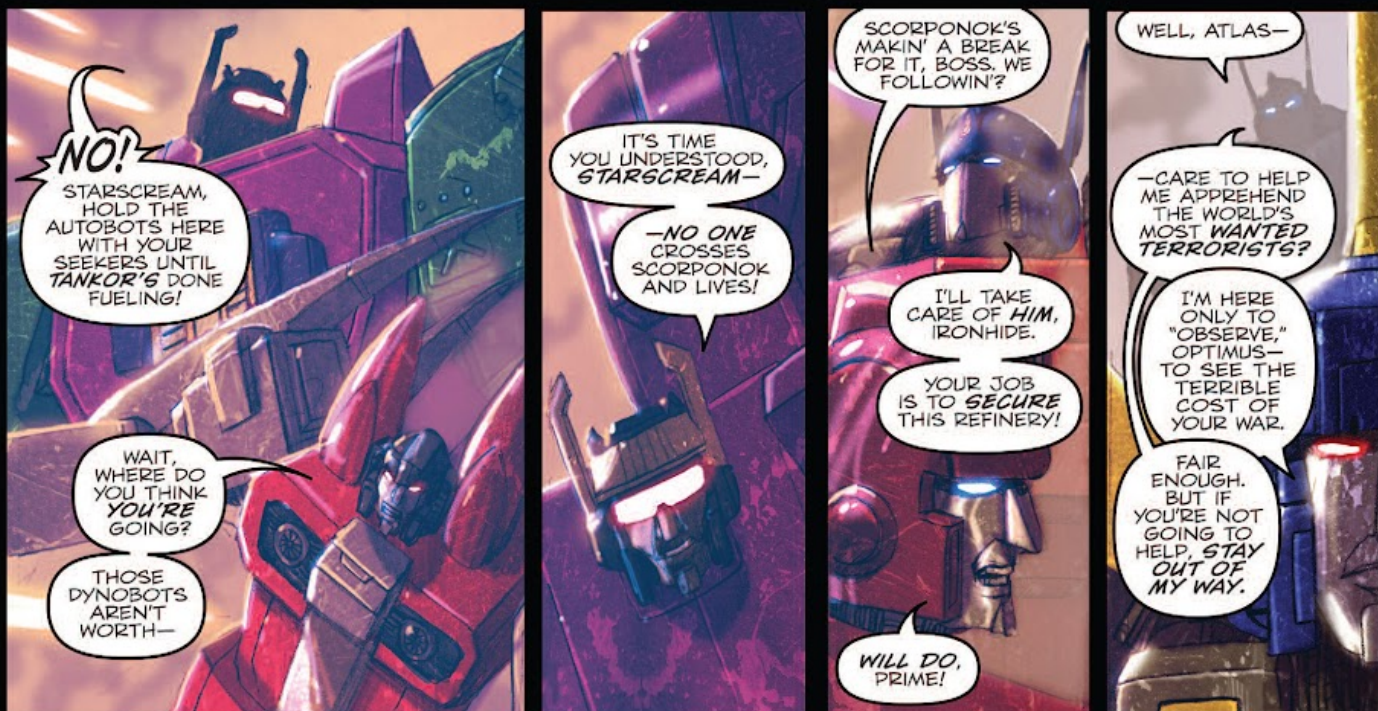
**WILL DO,  
PRIME!**

WELL, ATLAS—

—CARE TO HELP  
ME APPREHEND  
THE WORLD'S  
MOST WANTED  
**TERRORISTS?**

I'M HERE  
ONLY TO  
"OBSERVE,"  
OPTIMUS—  
TO SEE THE  
TERRIBLE  
COST OF  
YOUR WAR.

FAIR  
ENOUGH.  
BUT IF  
YOU'RE NOT  
GOING TO  
HELP, **STAY  
OUT OF  
MY WAY.**









## JUNKION, THE CORRODED SHORE.

THE ACID  
SEA LIES  
BETWEEN US  
AND THE  
PILLAR OF  
RUST.

IT'S CROSSING  
WILL BE  
PERILOUS.

FEELING BRAVE,  
WANDERER?

CAREFUL,  
PENTIUS.  
I TOLD YOU  
BEFORE,  
I FEAR  
NOTHING.

WE  
SHALL  
SEE.

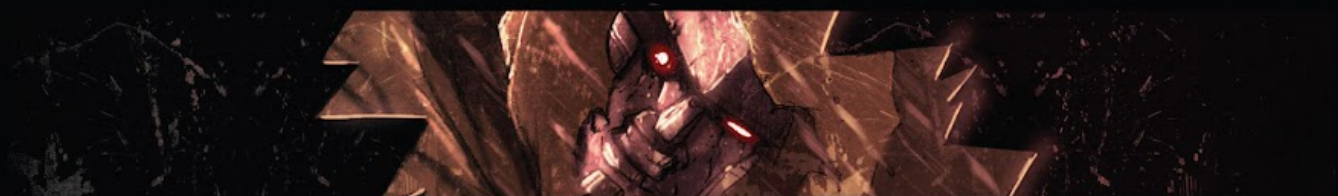
THESE ACIDIC  
WATERS CAN  
CORRODE EVEN  
YOUR GRAND  
BRAVADO.

YOU'D  
BEST HOPE  
NOT.

THE CHAIN  
ASSURES THAT  
IF I SINK INTO ITS  
DEPTHS, YOU'LL  
FOLLOW.

THEN IT  
SEEMS WE TWO  
ARE **BOUND** TO  
WHATEVER FATE  
AWAITS US.

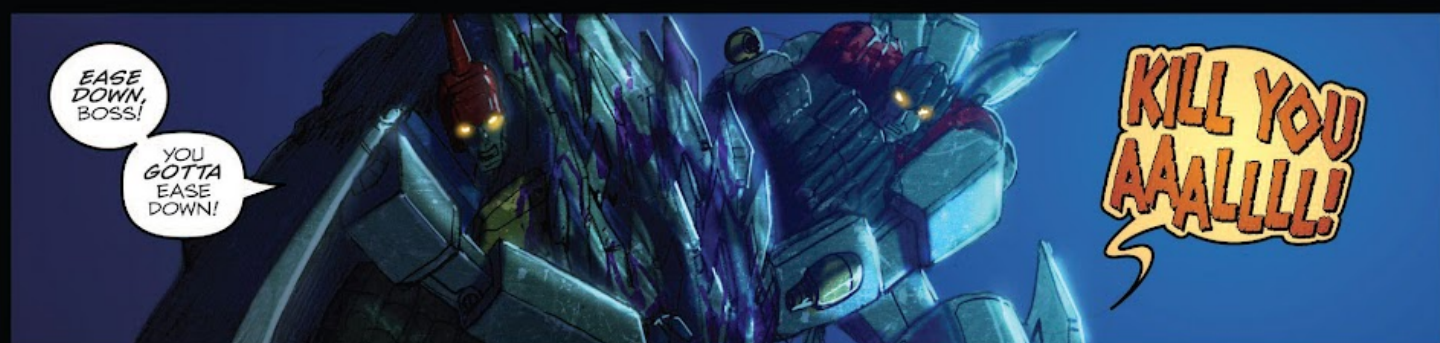
**BEWARE!** SOMETHING  
STIRS BENEATH  
THE SURFACE...  
**BRACE  
YOURSELF!**





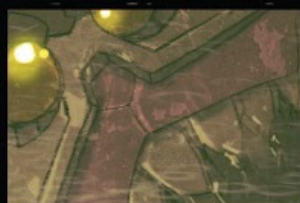








**JUNKION. THE ACID SEA.**





**CYBERTRON.  
DEEP WITHIN  
THE REFINERY.**



I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, GRIMLOCK.

YOU AND YOUR TEAM HAVE BEEN OFF THE GRID FOR A LONG TIME—BUT YOUR FILE DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT HAVING AN ALT-MODE LIKE THAT.

WHAT HAVE YOU DYNOBOTS GOTTEN YOURSELVES INTO?

THAT... IS A LONG STORY.

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW IS THAT IT CAN'T BE CONTROLLED.

THE LONGER WE STAY HERE, THE MORE WE ENDANGER EVERYONE.

YOU HAVE TO LET US GO.



I CAN'T DO THAT.

REGARDLESS OF YOUR ALLEGIANCES, YOU AND YOUR SOLDIERS POSE AS GREAT A THREAT AS THESE DECEPTICONS. YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST.

WAIT, OPTIMUS. IF WHAT HE SAYS IS TRUE, THEN PERHAPS IT IS BEST IF YOU SET THEM FREE?

GIVE THEM SAFE PASSAGE OFF-WORLD—THERE MAY BE A PEACEFUL WAY TO DIFFUSE—

THEY BROKE THE LAW, ATLAS...



...CIVIL ORDER TEETERS ON THE BRINK. I'M ALL OUT OF CONCESSIONS.

IF THAT'S HOW IT'S GONNA BE...



THE FUSION-REGULATOR!

YOU AREN'T... YOU WOULDN'T.

...THEN THERE'S NOthin' LEFT TO LOSE!



THERE'S NO CYBERTRON LEFT FOR US ANYMORE...

...AND WE JUST CAN'T GET FREE OF IT...

...I'M SO SICK OF IT ALL. YOUR PETTY FACTIONS AND YOUR MORAL POSTURING. I HATE IT.

AND THIS... THIS MONSTER... INSIDE OF ME WANTS TO MAKE YOU ALL PAY.

YOU SHOULD HAVE JUST LET US GO...







**IDW**  
ISSUE #5

**METZEN  
DILLE  
RAMONDELLI**

**THE TRANSFORMERS**  
**FORMERS**  
**MONSTROSITY**





# THE TRANSFORMERS

Long ago, in the early days of the war on Cybertron...

Exiled on the planet Junkion, the former Decepticon leader Megatron is dragged under the Acid Sea by the native Sharkticons—while his guide, Pentius, looks on. Back on Cybertron, Grimlock's renegade Dynobots raid the Toraxxis energon refinery, but are confronted by Scorponok—the new Decepticon commander. As Optimus Prime tries to stop the conflict, Scorponok sets the refinery's fusion-core to overload...

## MONSTROSITY

Chapter 5: FALLOUT

Story by: CHRIS METZEN & FLINT DILLE

Art and Cover by: LIVIO RAMONDELLI

Letters by: TOM B. LONG

Editor: JOHN BARBER

Special thanks to Hasbro's Aaron Archer, Jerry Jivoin, Michael Verret, Ed Lane, Joe Furfaro, Jos Huxley, Andy Schmidt, Heather Hopkins, and Michael Kelly for their invaluable assistance.

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BLASTER HERE,  
BROADCASTIN'  
FROM THE NEXIS.

AND MAN,  
I WISH I  
WASN'T.


THIS IS  
A DAY OF  
**TRAGEDY**  
FOR ALL  
CYBERTRONIANS,  
AUTOBOT AND  
DECEPTICON  
ALIKE.



DETAILS ARE  
SKETCHY, BUT  
RELIABLE SOURCES  
INFORM ME  
THAT **AUTOBOT**  
**FORCES** LED  
BY **OPTIMUS**  
**PRIME**—

—RESPONDING  
TO A **DECEPTICON**  
ATTACK ON THE  
**TORAXXIS MEGA-**  
**REFINERY**—

—ENGAGED A SMALL  
GROUP OF **UNALIGNED**  
**MERCENARIES** WHO WERE  
ALREADY RAIDING THE  
FACILITY'S **ENERGON**  
STORES.



THE UNIDENTIFIED  
MERCENARY LEADER  
THREATENED TO DETONATE  
THE FACILITY'S FUSION-CORE  
IF BOTH GROUPS DIDN'T  
IMMEDIATELY WITHDRAW.

WHEN THE  
PRIME TALKED  
HIM DOWN FROM  
HIS SUICIDAL  
ACT...



...THE NEW  
DECEPTICON  
LEADER,  
**SCORPONOK**,  
TRIGGERED  
THE CORE'S  
MELTDOWN  
HIMSELF.

THE EXPLOSION  
FROM THIS SENSELESS  
ACT OF TERROR NOT  
ONLY KILLED **THOUSANDS**  
IN THE SURROUNDING  
AREA—BUT **OBLITERATED**  
ONE OF CYBERTRON'S  
LAST, VITAL SOURCES  
OF **ENERGON**.





WE RECEIVED  
CONFIRMATION  
THAT OPTIMUS  
PRIME AND HIS  
SENIOR OFFICERS  
SURVIVED THE  
ATTACK.

AND WE  
HAVE WORD  
THAT HE WILL BE  
GIVING A EULOGY  
FOR THOSE STILL  
MISSING—AND  
THOSE PRESUMED  
DEAD.

**METROPLEX.**



EVEN NOW, WHILE THE  
DEATH TOLL *GROWS*,  
WE ARE GATHERED HERE  
TO REMEMBER THOSE  
WHO WERE *LOST* IN  
THIS DERANGED ACT  
OF VIOLENCE...

...BOTH  
*CIVILIANS*  
AND OUR  
*FELLOW*  
*OFFICERS.*



BUT LET US TAKE  
THIS MOMENT TO  
ENSURE THAT THEY  
HAVE NOT DIED  
IN *VAIN*—

—AND THAT  
THE *UNITY*  
THEY DIED TO  
PROTECT WILL  
BE *RESTORED.*



WE CANNOT LET  
THIS TRAGEDY  
SEPARATE OUR  
FACTIONS ANY  
*FURTHER!*

THIS IS AN OPPORTUNITY  
TO REAFFIRM OUR BONDS—  
AND OUR SACRED PLEDGE  
TO LEAD THE PEOPLE  
OF CYBERTRON—EVEN  
WHEN TIMES ARE AT  
THEIR DARKEST.



'TIL ALL  
ARE ONE!



'TIL ALL  
ARE ONE.

'TIL ALL  
ARE ONE.

'TIL ALL  
ARE ONE.



**PRIME'S QUARTERS.  
LATER.**

IT'S ALL FALLING  
APART,  
**ATLAS.**

HOW DID  
I NOT  
**ANTICIPATE**  
SOMETHING  
LIKE THIS?

YOU MAY  
CARRY THE  
**MATRIX** WITHIN  
YOU—BUT EVEN  
A **PRIME** HAS  
HIS LIMITS.

I KNOW  
YOU DIDN'T  
**WISH** FOR  
THIS TO  
HAPPEN, BUT  
IT **DID**.

AND I  
FEAR—GIVEN  
THE **RAMPANT**  
**VIOLENCE** THAT'S  
GRIPPED OUR  
WORLD—THAT THIS  
IS ONLY THE  
**BEGINNING**.

I **WILL**  
PROTECT  
OUR PEOPLE.

FROM **WHAT?**  
GLOBAL SYSTEMIC  
SHUTDOWN?

OUR ENERGIN  
RESERVES ARE  
**EXHAUSTED!**

YOUR **WAR**  
HAS BROUGHT US  
TO THIS END.

THE ONLY  
CHOICE OUR  
PEOPLE HAVE  
NOW IS TO FIND  
SUSTENANCE  
**SOMEWHERE  
ELSE!**

THAT'S **IT**, THEN?  
YOU'D JUST PICK  
UP AND **ABANDON**  
OUR HOMELAND?

LEAD  
OUR PEOPLE  
INTO THE  
**TRACKLESS**  
**VOID?**

FOR ALL YOUR  
**PROMISE**, YOU  
HAVE FAILED TO KEEP  
US **SAFE**, OPTIMUS.  
NOW WE MUST TAKE  
OUR DESTINIES INTO  
OUR **OWN HANDS**.

THEIR DESTINIES  
LIE **HERE**—ON  
CYBERTRON!

NOT ANYMORE.  
DEEP DOWN, YOU  
**KNOW** IT.

I COULD  
**STOP** YOU.  
PREVENT  
YOU FROM  
**LEAVING**.

YOU **COULD**. AND  
THE VIOLENCE  
WOULD ONLY  
**ESCALATE**.

YOU ARE  
NOT LIKE  
**ZETA**. I KNOW  
YOU BELIEVE  
IN **FREEDOM**.  
ENOUGH TO  
**DIE** FOR IT.

BUT PERHAPS  
YOUR LAST,  
**GREATEST**  
COMMAND  
AS PRIME...

...IS TO  
LET YOUR  
PEOPLE  
GO.



# KOLKULAR.

THE DEAD  
ARE NOT TO  
BE **MOURNED**.  
THEY ARE TO BE  
**SCAVENGED**.

TAKE THE  
**BEST** OF  
THEIR PARTS.  
**MELT** THE  
REST.

**FORGET**  
THEM. THEY ARE  
**FAILURES**.

THEIR  
STAIN MUST  
BE **ELIMINATED**  
FROM CYBERTRON.  
AS YOU INSTALL  
THEIR PARTS, BE  
SURE NOT TO LET  
THE TAIN OF  
DEFEAT INFECT  
YOU.

**SCORPONOK**—  
HOW CAN YOU  
**SAY** THAT? THEY  
DIED FIGHTING  
FOR US!

IT'S ONLY  
**CHANCE** THAT  
SOME OF US  
**LIVED** AND  
SOME OF US  
**DIED**!

NOT  
CHANCE.  
**FATE**.

**THE STRONG**  
**SURVIVE!** THE  
WEAK ARE CRUSHED  
BENEATH THEM.

TO THINK  
OTHERWISE  
IS TO THINK  
LIKE AN  
**AUTOBOT**!

**NO—THAT'S**  
**NOT RIGHT!**  
EVEN MEGATRON  
RESPECTED THOSE  
WHO **DIED** IN  
HIS SERVICE!

# KRUNCH

I RESPECT  
ONLY  
**POWER!**

**THAT** IS WHAT  
IT MEANS TO BE  
A DECEPTICON.

ANYONE  
**ELSE** CARE  
TO VENTURE  
THEIR  
OPINION?

LEAVE THIS  
**WRETCH**.

DO NOT  
**SCAVENGE** HIS  
PARTS—THEY  
ARE **TAINTED**  
BY WEAKNESS  
AND FEAR.

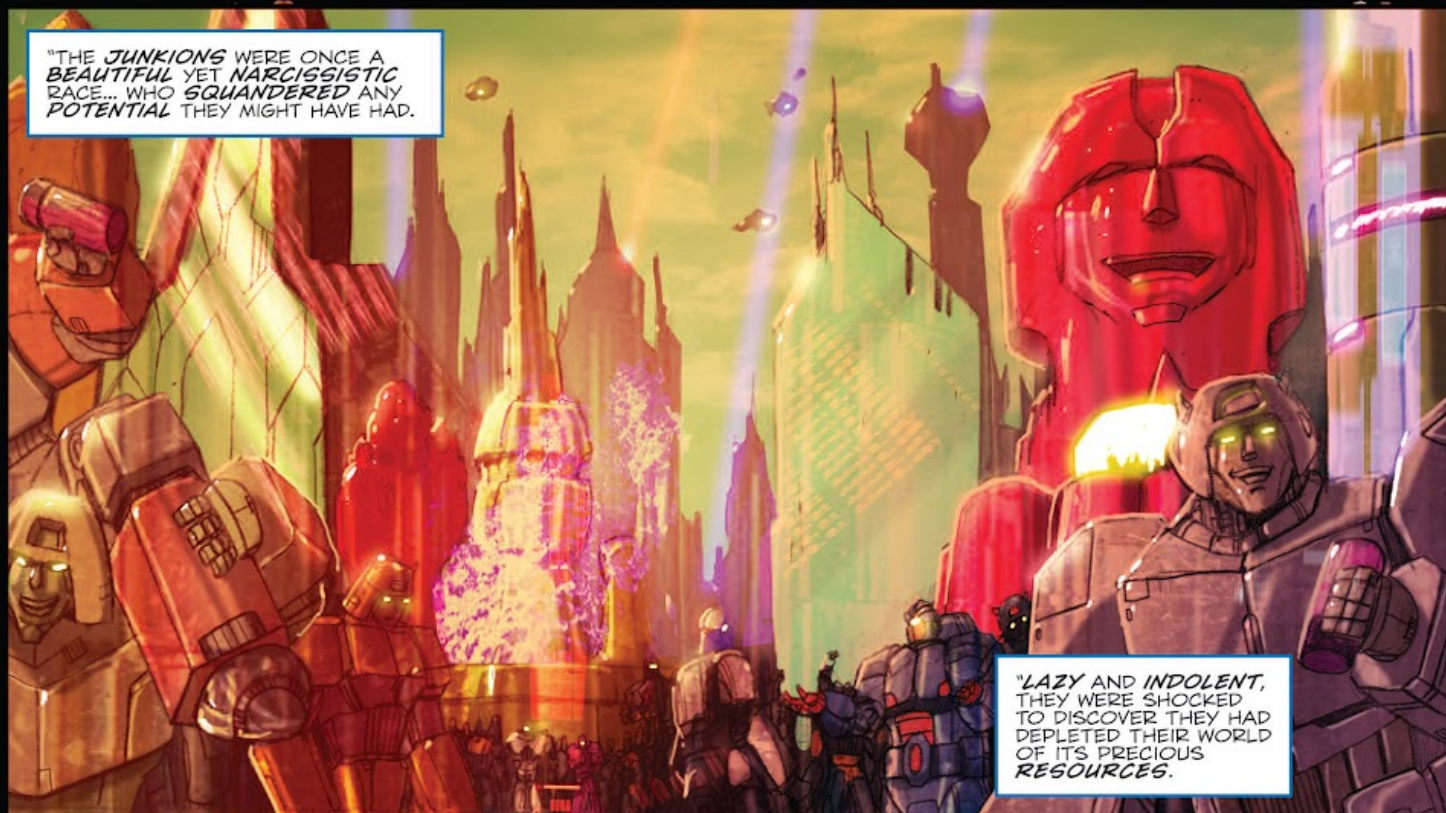
AND MARK  
MY WORDS—THE  
NEXT 'BOT THAT SO  
MUCH AS **MENTIONS**  
MEGATRON'S NAME  
WILL **SHARE** THIS  
**FATE**.



**JUNKION.  
THE ACID SEA.**







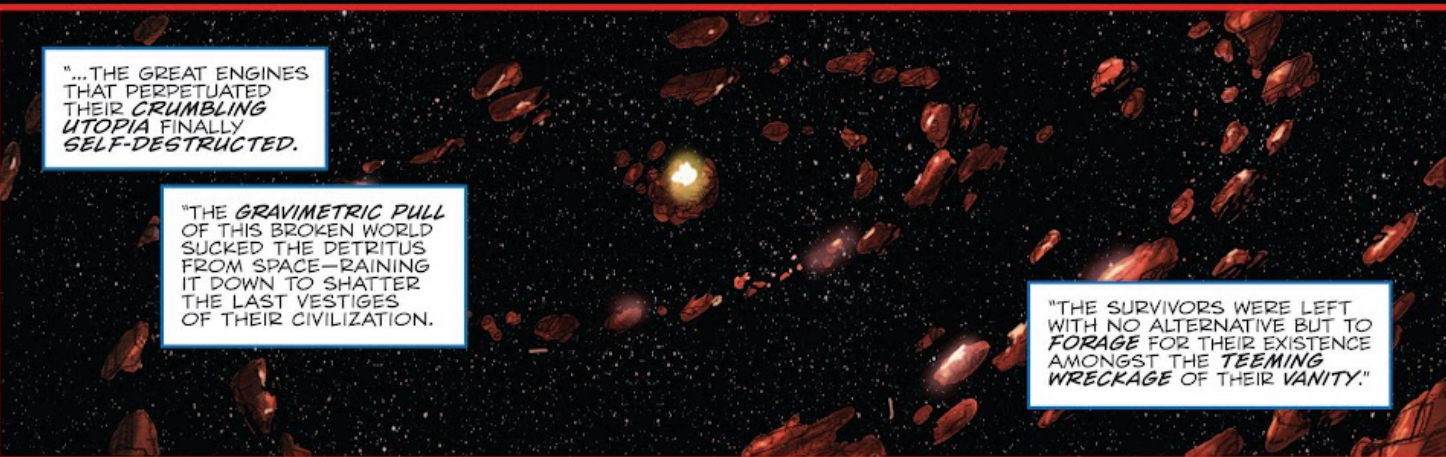
"THE **JUNKIONS** WERE ONCE A **BEAUTIFUL** YET **NARCISSISTIC** RACE... WHO **SQUANDERED** ANY **POTENTIAL** THEY MIGHT HAVE HAD.

"**LAZY** AND **INDOLENT**, THEY WERE **SHOCKED** TO DISCOVER THEY HAD DEPLETED THEIR WORLD OF ITS **PRECIOUS RESOURCES**.



"THEY SURVIVED FOR A TIME **SELLING** THE WEALTH THEY HAD ACCUMULATED.

"BUT WHEN THEY FINALLY EXHAUSTED THE **LAST** OF THEIR **ENERGON**...



"...THE GREAT ENGINES THAT PERPETUATED THEIR **CRUMBLING UTOPIA** FINALLY **SELF-DESTRUCTED**.

"THE **GRAVIMETRIC PULL** OF THIS BROKEN WORLD SUCKED THE DETRITUS FROM SPACE—RAINING IT DOWN TO SHATTER THE LAST VESTIGES OF THEIR CIVILIZATION.

"THE SURVIVORS WERE LEFT WITH NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO **FORAGE** FOR THEIR EXISTENCE AMONGST THE **TEEMING WRECKAGE** OF THEIR **VANITY**."



IT IS THE CYCLE OF EMPIRE: AFFLUENCE. DECADENCE. PREDATION. CANNIBALIZATION.

THIS FATE AWAITS **YOUR** WORLD, DOES IT NOT?

NO. NOT **CYBERTRON**.

THESE **JUNKIONS** WERE SHORT-SIGHTED FOOLS. I DO NOT LACK FOR VISION.

I WILL **RECLAIM** MY WORLD, EVENTUALLY... AND MY **RULE—MY LEGACY—**WILL LAST FOREVER.



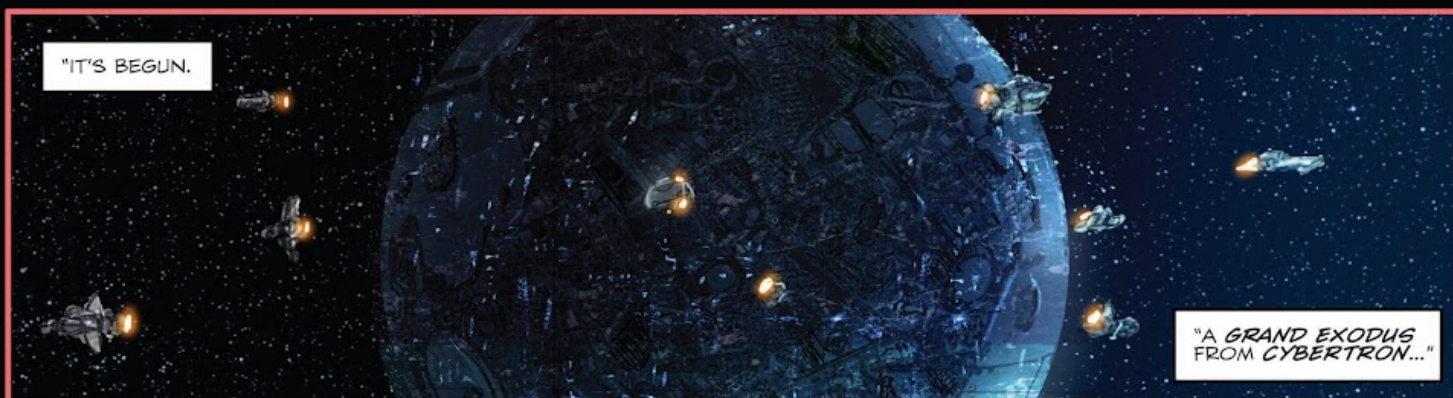
**WHY?** WHAT IS IT THAT DRIVES YOU?

**DOMINANCE.** IT IS THE ONLY TRUTH OF EXISTENCE.

VERY GOOD. YOU ARE **LEARNING**, AFTER ALL.



## CYBERTRON. THE TORAXXIS BLAST SITE.





**WITHIN THE IRRADIATED TORAXXIS-CRATER.**

ARE OUR RAD-SHIELDS HOLDING, PERCEPTOR?

RADIATION LEVELS ARE *SPIKING*, JETFIRE—BUT I THINK WE'RE *SAFE* FOR THE TIME BEING.

I'VE NEVER *SEEN* SUCH DESTRUCTION BEFORE.

KEEP YOUR EYES OUT FOR *SURVIVORS*...

...I'M NOT DETECTING ANY ON THE *SURFACE*, BUT THERE *MAY* BE LIFE-SIGNS UNDERGROUND.

IMPROBABLE, *RATCHET*.

THE POSSIBILITY OF SYSTEMS SURVIVING IN THE CRUST'S *INTENSELY PRESSURIZED SUB-STRATA* IS THREE HUNDRED THIRTY THOUSAND TO *ONE*.

WE CAN ALL DO THE *MATH*, PERCEPTOR.

BUT IF THERE'S EVEN A *CHANCE* ANYONE SURVIVED—*DOWN WE GO*.

DEEPER THAN WE'VE *EVER BEEN* INTO THE PLANET'S *SUB-SURFACE*. WE MIGHT JUST *LEARN* A THING OR TWO.

DID YOU GUYS *SEE* THAT? I DON'T THINK WE'RE *ALONE* DOWN HERE.

IT COULD BE *SURVIVORS*! FAN OUT!

I DON'T KNOW...

...I GOT A *BAD* FEELING ABOUT THIS.

**TO BE CONTINUED!**



**IDW**  
ISSUE #6

**METZEN  
DILLE  
RAMONDELLI**

THE **TRANSFORMERS**



**FORMERS**

**MONSTROSITY**





# THE TRANSFORMERS

Long ago, in the early days of the war on Cybertron...

After thousands perished in an energon refinery explosion triggered by the Decepticon leader Scorponok, the populace of Cybertron is horrified by both violence and a shortage of energon. Desperate to find more of the life-giving substance, Autobot leader Optimus Prime sends Jetfire and a team of scientists to explore the crater that once was the Toraxis refinery...

## MONSTROSITY

Chapter 6: UNDERWORLD

Story by: CHRIS METZEN & FLINT DILLE

Art and Cover by: LIVIO RAMONDELLI

Letters by: TOM B. LONG

Editorial Assistant: MARIEL ROMERO

Editor: JOHN BARBER

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**CYBERTRON, DEEP BENEATH  
THE TORAXXIS CRATER.**

EVERYONE,  
WATCH YOUR  
STEP.

WITH ALL  
THIS SEISMIC  
ACTIVITY, THE  
FLOORING  
COULD BE  
UNSTABLE.

THAT'S NOT  
THE WORST  
OF IT. MAGNETIC  
INTERFERENCE  
IS PLAYING HAVOC  
WITH OUR RELAY  
SIGNALS.

WE'RE  
PRACTICALLY  
BLIND DOWN  
HERE. NO WAY  
TO CONTACT  
HQ.

JUST  
KEEP YOUR  
OPTICS  
OPEN FOR  
ANY—

**RUUUMMMBLE**

HEY—  
LOOK AT  
THIS!

IT'S ANCIENT  
SCRIPT... PERHAPS  
FROM KNIGHTS OF  
CYBERTRON ERA?

ARGON  
DATING  
CAN'T QUITE  
PLACE IT...

LOOKS LIKE  
A WARNING.  
WHOEVER THEY  
ARE, THEY WANTED  
TO KEEP US FROM  
GETTING IN.

OR THEY WERE  
TRYING TO KEEP  
SOMETHING FROM  
GETTING OUT.

**KRUUMMMBLE**

EARTH-  
QUAKE!

GRAB ON TO  
SOMETHING!

**KRUNCK**

EVERYONE  
STILL ALIVE?  
SOUND OFF!

WE'RE  
OKAY...  
BUT AM I  
SEEING  
THIS  
RIGHT?

IS THAT...  
IS THAT  
ENERGON?

IN ITS RAWEST STATE.  
AT MY ESTIMATION,  
ENOUGH LIQUID ENERGON  
TO POWER IACON FOR  
A THOUSAND CYCLES.

IS IT SOME  
KIND OF  
RUN-OFF  
FROM THE  
REFINERY?

BASED ON  
PRELIMINARY  
GEOLOGICAL  
EVIDENCE, I'D SAY  
THIS RESERVOIR  
PREDATES THE  
REFINERY'S  
CONSTRUCTION BY  
MANY MILLIONS  
OF CYCLES.

THEN... THIS  
ENERGON IS...  
NATURALLY  
OCCURRING.



## METROPLEX. DATA-ARCHIVE.

REPORTING  
AS ORDERED...  
PRIME.

SIR, I'M...  
JUST A  
GRUNT.

I'M NOT  
SURE HOW I  
CAN **HELP**  
YOU, HERE.

I  
APPRECIATE  
YOU COMING,  
**KUP.**

I WANTED  
TO ASK WHAT  
YOU KNEW...  
ABOUT THE  
**DYNOBOTS.**

WELL, **THAT**  
TAKES ME BACK.  
BUT JUST STORIES,  
REALLY. **RUMORS.**

THEY WERE PART  
OF THE PRIMAL  
VANGUARD UNDER  
NOMINUS.

SIX-MAN TEAM—  
HEAVY WEAPONS,  
DEMOLITIONS,  
SABOTAGE. THEY  
WERE GOOD.  
**REAL GOOD.**

THEY HAD  
A PERFECT  
SERVICE RECORD  
BEFORE THEY  
VANISHED.

VANISHED?

WORD ON THE  
STREET WAS THEY  
WENT **AWOL** AFTER  
COMPLETING THEIR  
LAST MISSION—BUT  
RECORDS OF THE **OP**  
WERE CLASSIFIED  
AND BURIED.

BUT THEY'VE BEEN  
OFF THE GRID EVER SINCE.  
LIKE THEY NEVER EXISTED.

GHOST  
SOLDIERS.

SOMETHING  
LIKE THAT.

WELL, THEY'VE  
REAPPEARED  
WITH A **BANG.**

JACON SECURITY  
FOOTAGE SHOWS  
THAT THEY AIDED  
US DURING OUR  
MARCH AGAINST  
**MEGATRON.\***

AND THEN,  
JUST A FEW DAYS  
AGO, WE CAUGHT  
THEM RAIDING  
**ENERGON**, LIKE  
COMMON THIEVES,  
AT **TORAXXIS.**

IT JUST  
DOESN'T  
ADD UP.

*\*SEE TRANSFORMERS: AUTOCRACY!*

EITHER WAY,  
YOU'VE GOT  
TO BRING  
THEM IN.

WHEN  
SOLDIERS  
LIKE THAT GO  
**BAD**, THEY  
GO **REAL**  
**BAD.**

IT WON'T BE EASY. THEY  
KNOW HOW TO **HIDE**...  
HOW TO **AMBUSH**—  
HOW TO **HIT** WHERE  
IT **HURTS.**

THERE'S MORE. THEIR  
LEADER, **GRIMLOCK**—  
MANIFESTED AN ALT-  
MODE I'VE NEVER  
SEEN BEFORE.

IT WAS...  
SAVAGE.  
**BESTIAL.**

HE COULD  
BARELY CONTROL  
HIMSELF.

SOUNDS LIKE  
THEY GOT INTO  
SOMETHING  
THEY COULDN'T  
HANDLE.

PERHAPS  
IT'S TIME  
WE OPENED  
THEIR SEALED  
FILES?

WITH RESPECT,  
PRIME—IF YOU  
HAD ACCESS TO  
THEIR FILES, WHY  
ASK **ME** ABOUT  
THEM?

**PERSPECTIVE**, KUP.  
THEY WERE GOOD  
SOLDIERS ONCE.

I WANTED A  
SOLDIER'S HONEST  
PERSPECTIVE... BEFORE  
**CONDEMNING** THEM.



## TORAXXIS. ENERGON CAVERNS.

IT'S THE  
PUREST FORM  
OF ENERGON  
I'VE EVER SEEN,  
PERCEPTOR.

IT'S LIQUID  
STATE IS **HYPER-  
CONDUCTIVE** AND  
APPARENTLY... **SELF-  
REPLENISHING.**

THIS IS AN  
**UNPRECEDENTED**  
DISCOVERY.

YES, BUT  
I'M DETECTING  
CERTAIN **PARTICLE**  
**ANOMALIES** MY  
EQUIPMENT CAN'T  
CLASSIFY.

BUT RESERVOIRS  
LIKE THIS COULD  
SOLVE OUR  
ENERGY PROBLEMS,  
**FOREVER!**

HOW DID NO  
ONE KNOW  
SOMETHING  
LIKE THIS WAS  
DOWN HERE?

MAYBE  
SOMEONE  
DI—

ANOTHER  
TREMOR!  
**WATCH OUT!**

# RUUUMMBLE SPLISH

RATCHET?

...YOU  
OKAY?

**RAAAHHH...**

RATCHET...

**RAAAARRGH!**

WAIT!  
WHAT ARE  
YOU—

NNNGH!

**RAAAARRGH!**

GET AHOLD  
OF YOURSELF,  
RATCHET!

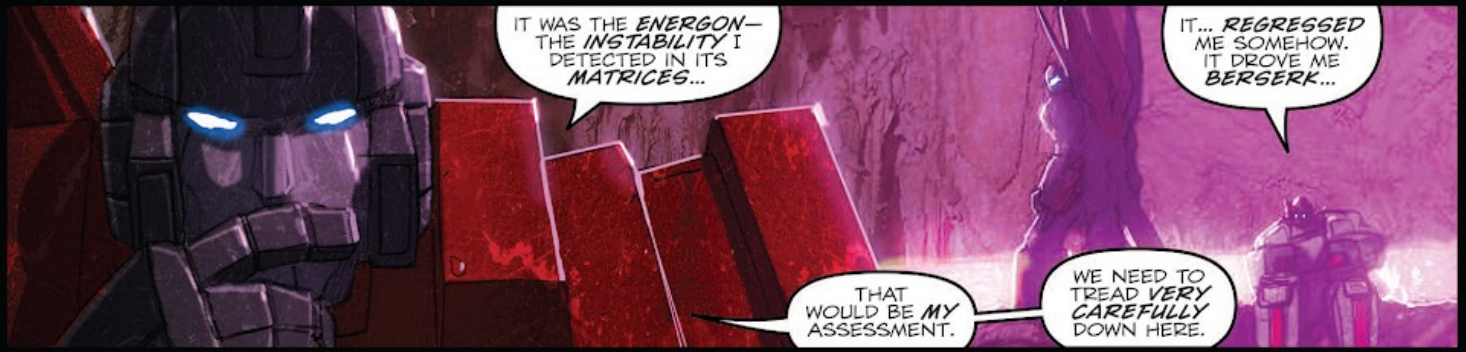
**CALM  
DOWN!**

I...  
PERCEPTOR,  
I'M SORRY!

I...  
I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
CAME OVER  
ME.

IT WAS PRIMAL...  
OVERWHELMING  
MY INHIBITORS...





IT WAS THE **ENERGON**—  
THE **INSTABILITY** I  
DETECTED IN ITS  
**MATRICES**...

IT... **REGRESSED**  
ME SOMEHOW.  
IT DROVE ME  
**BERSERK**...

THAT  
WOULD BE MY  
ASSESSMENT.

WE NEED TO  
TREAD **VERY**  
**CAREFULLY**  
DOWN HERE.



WE GOT  
**COMPANY!**

AND LEAVE IT TO  
THE "**SCIENCE**  
**TEAM**" TO LEAVE  
HOME WITHOUT  
**DEFENSIVE**  
**WEAPONRY**...

**WHATEVER**  
THEY ARE—  
IF THEY'VE  
BEEN FEEDING  
OFF THIS  
**ENERGON**...

...THEY'LL  
MAKE **SHORT**  
**WORK** OF US!

**ROOAAAAR!**



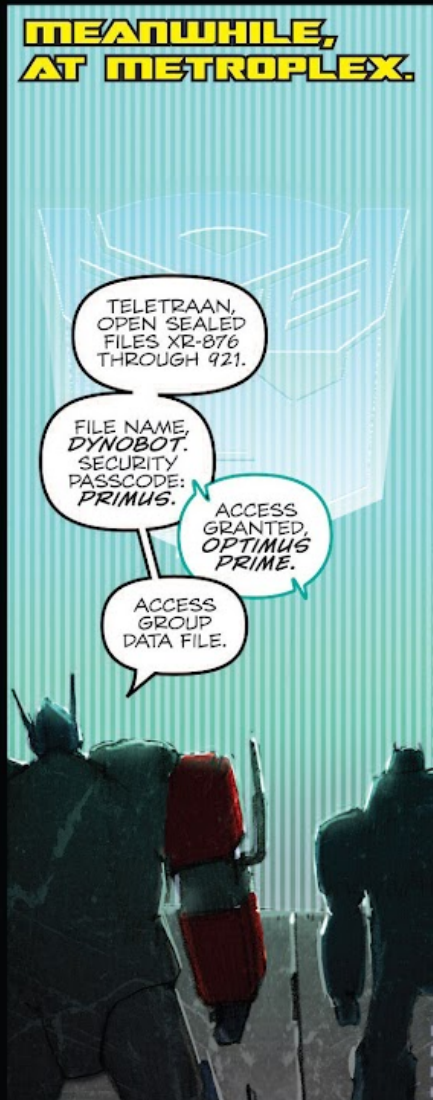
WE'RE NOT STAYING  
LONG ENOUGH TO  
FIND OUT!

**LET'S**  
**MOVE!**

WE'LL LOSE  
THEM IN THE  
**CAVERNS!**

EVERYONE  
STAY ON ME!

## MEANWHILE, AT METROPLEX.



TELETRAAN,  
OPEN SEALED  
FILES XR-876  
THROUGH 921.

FILE NAME,  
**DYNOBOT**.  
SECURITY  
PASSCODE:  
**PRIMUS**.

ACCESS  
GRANTED,  
**OPTIMUS**  
**PRIME**.

ACCESS  
GROUP  
DATA FILE.



**VANGUARD**  
**COVERT**  
**STRIKE FORCE**,  
CODENAMED  
**DYNOBOTS**.

**SWOOP**,  
AERIAL  
RECON  
SCOUT.

**GRIMLOCK**,  
FIELD COMMANDER,  
ASSAULT TROOPER.

**SLUDGE**,  
HEAVY WEAPON  
SPECIALIST.

**SLAB**,  
CLOSE  
COMBAT  
SPECIALIST.

**SNAR**,  
TACTICAL  
MEDIC.

**SNARL**,  
DEMOLITIONS  
SPECIALIST.

DEPLOYED  
IN OVER **TWO**  
**HUNDRED** **COVERT**  
**MISSIONS** UNDER  
THE PURVIEW  
OF **NOMINUS**  
**PRIME**.

AWARDED  
COMMENDATIONS  
FOR ACTS  
OF **VALOR** AND  
EXEMPLARY  
SERVICE.



ACCESS  
DATA-FILE OF  
THEIR FINAL  
MISSION.

ACCESSING...



THE **DYNOBOTS** WERE SENT TO THE DESOLATE **TORAXXIS PLAINS** TO INVESTIGATE RUMORS OF SUPPOSED **SUBTERRANEAN TERROR BASES**.

BEFORE THE REFINERY WAS EVEN BUILT.

WHILE THEY DIDN'T FIND **TERRORISTS**, THEY DID ENCOUNTER **HEAVY RESISTANCE**.

WHAT KIND OF RESISTANCE?

CLASSIFICATION **UNKNOWN**.

VIDEO EVIDENCE SUGGESTS **CYBER-MORPHIC PREDATORS** THAT BREED WITHIN THE **SUB-MOLTEN RECESSES** OF THE PLANET'S CRUST.

DESPITE THEIR HEAVY ORDINANCE, THE **DYNOBOTS** HAD VIRTUALLY **NO CHANCE OF SURVIVAL**.

BUT THEY MADE IT OUT.

HOW?

PRIOR TO JOINING THE VANGUARD, THE TEAM'S MEDIC, **SKAR**, HAD DONE RESEARCH ON **DYNAMIC ALT-MODE ADAPTATION** THEORY.

THEY... ADAPTED NEW ALT-MODES... **IN THE FIELD?**

THEY FOUGHT WITH **FIRE**, KUP.

THEY TOOK ON THE ASPECTS OF THEIR **ENEMY**... AND **SURVIVED**.

NOT ALL OF THEM.

**SKAR** WAS KILLED DURING THE BATTLE.

POST-ACTION **PSYCH EVALUATIONS** SUGGESTED THAT **SKAR'S** VIOLENT DEATH SNAPPED SOMETHING WITHIN THE TEAM.

WHEN THEY RETURNED, CENTRAL COMMAND HAD THE SURVIVING **DYNOBOTS** QUARANTINED **INDEFINITELY**—

—TO FURTHER STUDY THEIR DANGEROUS NEW **ALT-MODES** AND ATTEMPT TO **REENGINEER** THE PROCESS OF **SKAR'S DYNAMIC ADAPTATION**.

OVERWHELMED WITH GRIEF AT THE LOSS OF THEIR COMRADE, AND FEELING **BETRAYED** BY THEIR SUPERIORS—

**SWOOP**  
AERIAL  
RECON  
SCOUT

**GRIMLOCK**  
FIELD COMMANDER,  
ASSAULT TROOPER

**SLUDGE**  
HEAVY WEAPON  
SPECIALIST

**GLAD**  
CLOSE  
COMBAT  
SPECIALIST

**SKAR**  
TACTICAL  
MEDIC

**SMART**  
DEMOLITION  
SPECIALIST

—THE **DYNOBOTS** STAGED A **DARING ESCAPE**.

AND THEY'VE BEEN ON THE **RUN** EVER SINCE.

THEY'RE **OUT THERE** SOMEWHERE, KUP. THEIR **ALT-MODES** LIKE **TICKING TIME-BOMBS**...

THEN THEY HAVE TO BE **PUT DOWN**.

THAT WOULD BE **LOGICAL**. BUT MY INSTINCTS TELL ME DESPITE **EVERYTHING** THAT'S HAPPENED...

...THEY JUST MIGHT BE **SOLDIERS** WORTH **SAVING**.



**MEANWHILE,  
WITHIN THE  
ENERGON CAVERNS.**

IMPOSSIBLE  
TO GET A  
POSITIONAL  
FIX DOWN  
HERE WITH ALL  
THE **MAGNETIC  
INTERFERENCE.**  
THOSE... **THINGS**  
COULD BE  
ANYWHERE!

WHY DON'T  
WE EVER  
LISTEN TO  
**WARNINGS?**

BECAUSE  
WE'RE  
**SCIENTISTS,**  
OF COURSE!

**GRRRAARGH!**

PRIMUS...

**RAAGGH!**

**SHRAKK**

MISSILES  
ARE **USELESS**  
THIS CLOSE!

FALL BACK  
TO THE  
**PASSAGE!**

**BWAAARGH!**

THERE'S  
MORE  
BEHIND US!

SOMEBODY  
THINK OF  
SOMETHING,  
QUICK!

INCREASED  
**SEISMIC ACTIVITY**  
SUGGESTS THE  
STRUCTURAL INTEGRITY  
OF THE **SURROUNDING  
SUB-STRATA** MAY BE  
SUSCEPTIBLE TO DIRECT—

**SPIT  
IT OUT!**

WE COULD  
BUST A **HOLE**  
INTO THE NEXT  
CAVERN AND  
**ESCAPE!**

NOW  
THAT'S A  
**PLAN!**





RATCHET,  
IT'S UP  
TO YOU!  
**DO IT!**



**ON IT!**  
HERE GOES  
NOTHIN'!

**KRUNK BOOM**



THAT'S OUR  
OPENING!

GO!

GO!



WE'RE  
NOT OUT  
OF THIS  
YET!

RATCHET!  
WHERE'S  
RATCHET?

I'M **HERE**—  
AND THERE'S  
SOME KIND OF  
**STRUCTURE**  
UP AHEAD!



WHAT IS  
THAT?



WHO COULD HAVE **BUILT**  
SOMETHING THIS LARGE  
THIS DEEP BENEATH THE  
PLANET'S SURFACE?

NOT ALL THAT  
**IMPORTANT**  
RIGHT NOW,  
PERCEPTOR!

LET'S JUST  
HOPE THERE'S  
A **DEFENSIBLE**  
**POSITION!**

WAIT—  
LOOK!

THE  
**BEASTS...**





...THEY'RE NOT FOLLOWING US...

...THEY'RE AFRAID.

THERE'S SOMETHING IN HERE THEY'RE RECOILING FROM...



PERHAPS THEY FEAR WHOEVER LIVES WITHIN THIS COMPLEX?

MAYBE.

WAIT HERE...



...I WANT TO GET A BETTER LOOK AT THIS.



I DON'T KNOW, GUYS. I'M NOT READING ANY LIFE-FORMS WITHIN THAT THING.

IT JUST RADIATES ONE BIG VITAL-PULSE.

I DON'T THINK THIS IS A CONVENTIONAL COMPLEX...

...STRUCTURAL ANGLES ARE ALL **WRONG**... ENERGERON FLUCTUATIONS ARE OFF THE SCALE...

OH, WAIT... WAIT.



WHAT, JETFIRE? WHAT DO YOU SEE?

GUYS... I THINK WE JUST STUMBLED INTO A WHOLE HEAP OF TROUBLE.

TO BE CONTINUED!



**IDW**  
ISSUE #7

**METZEN  
DILLE  
RAMONDELLI**

# THE TRANSFORMERS FORMERS

## MONSTROSITY





# THE TRANSFORMERS

Long ago, in the early days of the war on Cybertron...

Jetfire and his team of scientists discover a vast underground lake of energon deep beneath Cybertron, but its unstable properties make it an unsettling discovery—as do the monsters that guard it... monsters that had long ago defeated the Dynobots. Meanwhile, exiled on the planet Junkion, the former Decepticon leader Megatron carries a strange alien across a dangerous landscape...

## MONSTROSITY

Chapter 7: PREY

Story by: CHRIS METZEN & FLINT DILLE

Art and Cover by: LIVIO RAMONDELLI

Letters by: SHAWN LEE

Editorial Assistant: MARIEL ROMERO

Editor: JOHN BARBER

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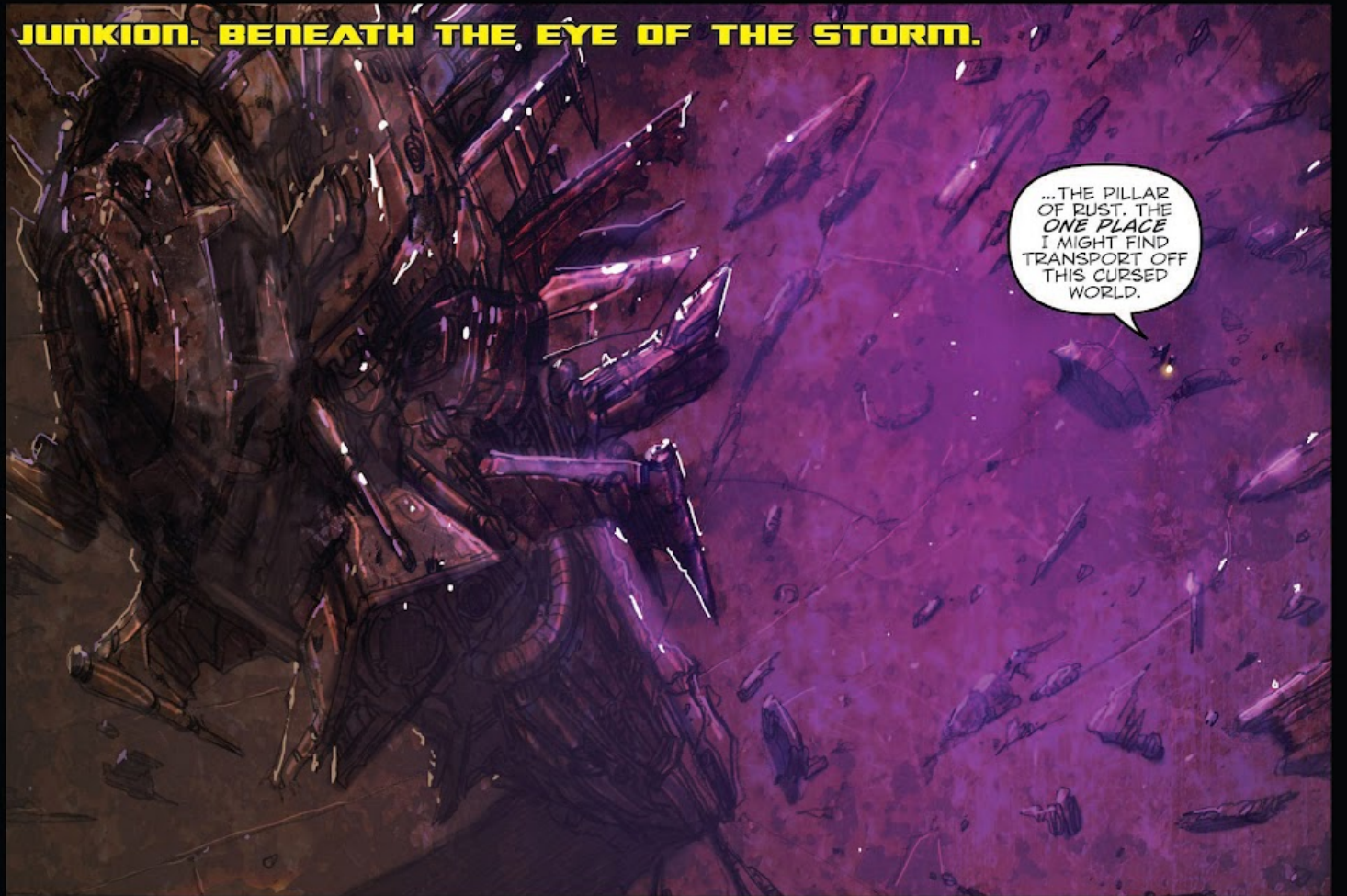
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AT  
LAST...

**JUNKION. BENEATH THE EYE OF THE STORM.**



...THE PILLAR  
OF RUST. THE  
**ONE PLACE**  
I MIGHT FIND  
TRANSPORT OFF  
THIS CURSED  
WORLD.



YET, I SEE  
NO TRACE  
OF ANY  
**FUNCTIONAL**  
SHIPS.

I SEE  
NO EVIDENCE  
OF **OTHER**  
TRAVELERS.



IF YOU HAVE  
LIED TO ME,  
**PENTIUS...** LED ME  
ON SOME **FOOL**  
QUEST—

**PATIENCE,**  
WANDERER.  
YOU WERE  
MEANT TO BE  
HERE—**IN THIS**  
MOMENT.

FOR YOU,  
**DESTINY**  
OPENS ITS  
ARMS WIDE...













DEATH IS UPON YOU, WANDERER! YOUR STRENGTH **EBBS**—YOUR ENERGOON **BLEEDS** FROM YOUR CIRCUITS!

WILL YOU LET THESE **MISCREANTS** DEFEAT YOU?

IS **THIS** ALL THAT REMAINS OF YOUR **INDOMITABLE** WILL?



**RRRAAGH!!**



**MEGATRON!**



CORNERED, DEPLETED—IT COMES TO IT AT LAST, WANDERER. YOU CANNOT MATCH HIS **POWER**...

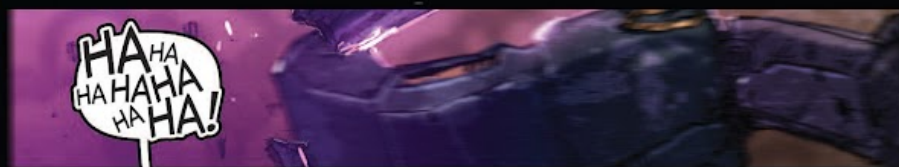


...OR HIS **FURY**.

**CHANK**



**SHUT UP, DAMN YOU!**



**HA HA HA HA HA!**



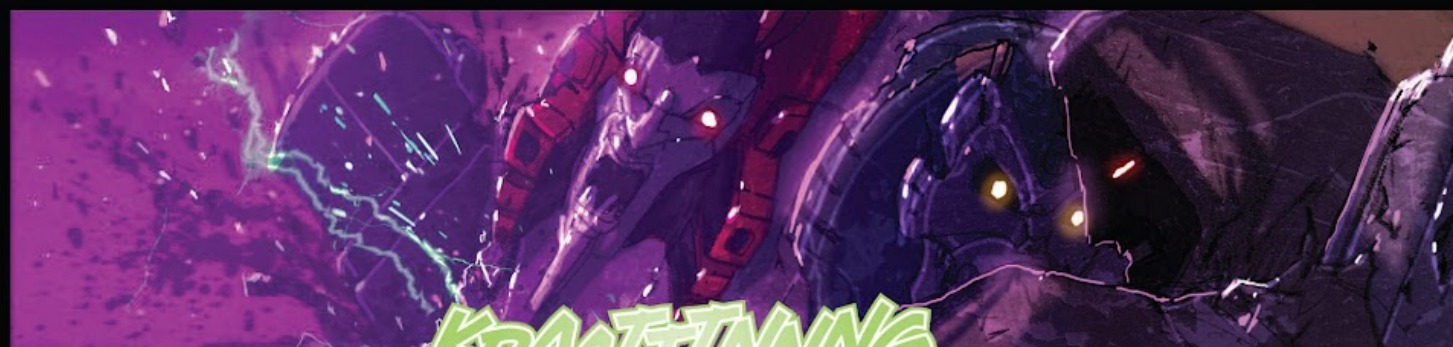
**GRAAGH!**



THE BEAST WILL **RECOVER** MOMENTARILY...

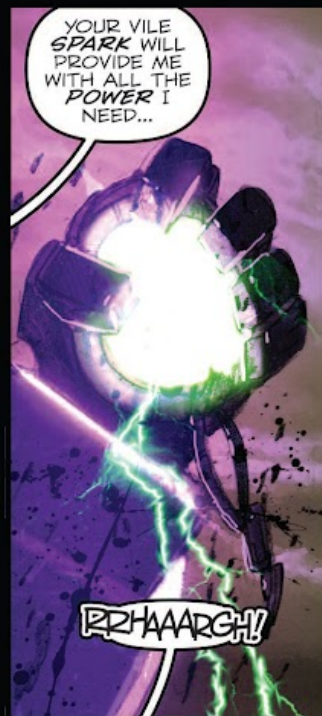
...THE END IS **CLOSE** NOW. AH, TO HAVE COME SO FAR TO FACE THIS **IGNOMINIOUS** DEATH...

I JUST **REALIZED**, PENTIUS—YOU CAN STILL BE OF SERVICE TO ME...



**KRAATINING**







## METROPLEX. AUTOBOT HEADQUARTERS, CYBERTRON.

JETFIRE, THIS  
DISCOVERY IS  
UNPRECEDENTED.

OUR VERY  
SURVIVAL IS AT  
STAKE AND A...  
**DRAGON** BLOCKS  
OUR WAY TO ALL  
THE ENERGON WE  
COULD EVER  
NEED.

**TAINED**  
ENERGON, SIR.  
OUR REPORT  
STATES IT CAUSES  
**HEIGHTENED**  
AGGRESSION—

**DULY**  
**NOTED.** BUT  
IF WE CAN GET  
AT IT, WE CAN  
REFINE IT.

IT SEEMS WE'RE  
LEFT WITH ONLY  
TWO OPTIONS—KEEP  
THE CREATURE  
**CONTAINED**, OR TRY  
TO **DESTROY** IT.

APPARENTLY,  
THE **KNIGHTS** HAD  
IT SEALED DOWN  
THERE FOR A **VERY**  
LONG TIME, SIR... IF WE  
TRY TO **REFINE** OR  
EVEN **SYNCH** OUT  
THAT ENERGON, WE  
RUN THE RISK OF  
**WAKING** IT.

AND THERE'S  
NO TELLING  
WHAT SCALE OF  
**DESTRUCTION**  
IT COULD  
WREAK.

WE'RE  
BARELY  
**HOLDING**  
ON HERE  
AS IT IS.

YOU 'BOTS  
POSSESS SOME  
OF THE **FINEST**  
**MINDS** ON  
CYBERTRON.

I NEED YOU  
TO **THINK** OF  
SOMETHING—  
AND **FAST**.  
TIME'S **RUNNING**  
OUT FOR ALL  
OF US.

YOU CAN  
COUNT ON **US**,  
PRIME.

I **KNOW**  
I CAN.

FOR NOW,  
I WANT THE  
**TORAXIS CRATER**  
QUARANTINED AND  
THE ENTIRE AREA  
**LOCKED DOWN**.

NO ONE **IN**  
OR **OUT** UNLESS  
I GIVE EXPRESS  
AUTHORIZATION.

YES, SIR.  
WE'LL TAKE  
CARE OF  
IT.

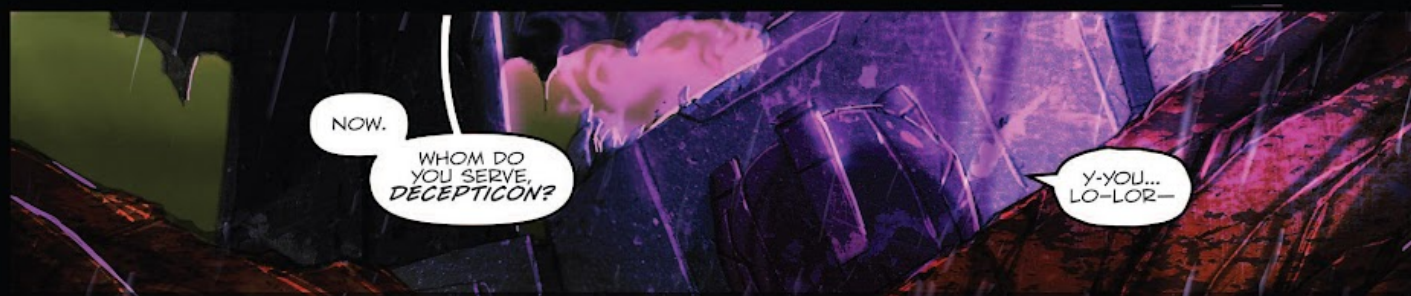
STILL, IF THAT  
MONSTER **DID**  
WAKE UP—WHAT  
DO YOU GUYS  
THINK OUR **ODDS**  
OF **SURVIVAL**  
WOULD BE?

THERE ARE  
MANY UNKNOWN  
VARIABLES,  
**RATCHET**. BUT  
I'D ESTIMATE  
SOMEWHERE  
AROUND **ONE**  
IN **957,552**.

WELL,  
**PERCEPTOR**—  
WE'VE SEEN  
**WORSE**  
ODDS...

...HAVEN'T  
WE?







# CYBERTRON. THE TORAXXIS RADIATION WASTES.



GRIMLOCK!

I KNOW YOU'RE OUT HERE. NO USE IN HIDIN'.

EVEN WITH ALL THE RADIATION INTERFERENCE, I CAN READ YOUR SIGNAL.

COME ON OUT!

I GOTTA BE CRAZY FOR DOIN' THIS... THIS WOULD BE A STUPID DEATH.



C'MON, GRIMLOCK! THERE'S BEEN ENOUGH DESTRUCTION HERE... ENOUGH LOSS.

YOU CAN'T KEEP RUNNING FROM THE PAST.

I KNOW THE STORY. YOU AND YOUR DYNOBOTS HAVE HAD A ROUGH RUN OF THINGS, I GET IT.

BUT IT'S TIME TO COME OUT OF THE SHADOWS... OPTIMUS PRIME BELIEVES THAT YOU CAN—



WHAT HAVE THE PRIMES EVER DONE FOR ME?

FOR MY TEAM?

NOTHING BUT BETRAY US... AND HUNT US LIKE ANIMALS!

WE WERE SOLDIERS! WE SERVED WITH HONOR!



I KNOW. YOU DESERVED BETTER.

HE... UNDERSTANDS WHAT IT'S LIKE FOR SOLDIERS LIKE US. HE'S BEEN THERE.

NO ONE'S BEEN WHERE WE HAVE.

BUT THIS OPTIMUS... HE'S DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHER PRIMES.

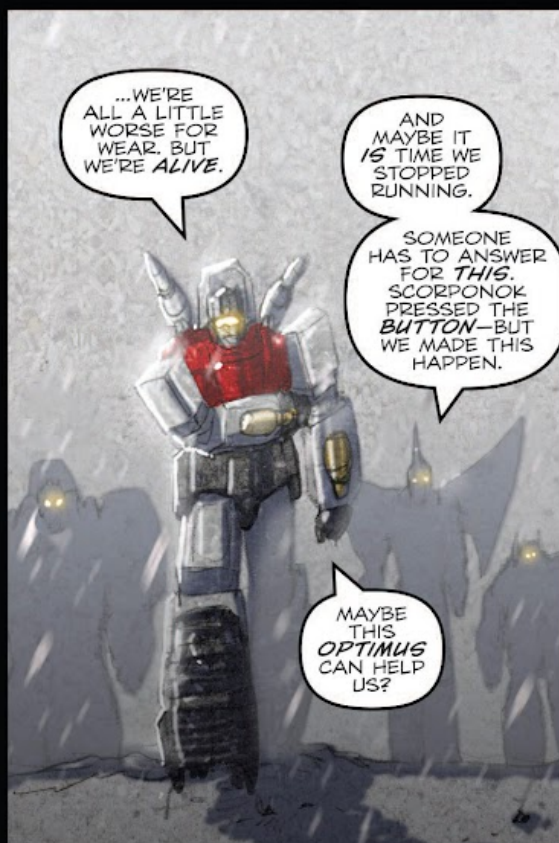
COME BACK WITH ME. HE CAN HELP YOU SORT THIS MESS OUT.



I CAN'T...

I... CAN'T LEAVE THIS PLACE UNTIL I'VE FOUND MY TEAM.

DON'T WORRY, BOSS...



...WE'RE ALL A LITTLE WORSE FOR WEAR. BUT WE'RE ALIVE.

AND MAYBE IT IS TIME WE STOPPED RUNNING.

SOMEONE HAS TO ANSWER FOR THIS. SCORPONOK PRESSED THE BUTTON—BUT WE MADE THIS HAPPEN.

MAYBE THIS OPTIMUS CAN HELP US?



MAYBE.

ALRIGHT, THEN. AUTOBOT... TAKE US TO YOUR LEADER.

TO BE CONTINUED!



**IDW**  
ISSUE #8

**METZEN  
DILLE  
RAMONDELLI**

THE **TRANS**



**FORMERS**

**MONSTROSITY**





# THE TRANSFORMERS

Long ago, in the early days of the war on Cybertron...

A battle between Decepticon forces and the renegade Dynobots lays waste to an energon refinery, sending the population of Cybertron into a panic. Optimus Prime tries to hold his people together—and sends Kup to locate the Dynobots. But Senator Dai Atlas has had enough of the Autobots' war—on his urging, citizens begin to leave the planet...

## MONSTROSITY

Chapter 8: MASSACRE

Story by: CHRIS METZEN & FLINT DILLE

Art and Cover by: LIVIO RAMONDELLI

Letters by: TOM B. LONG

Editorial Assistant: MARIEL ROMERO

Editor: JOHN BARBER

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# IACON: STARSREACH SPACEPORT.

THIS IS  
BLASTER-  
BLASTIN' AT  
YA LIVE FROM  
STARSREACH  
TERMINAL  
SEVEN!

THINGS ARE  
TENSE HERE AS  
THOUSANDS OF  
'BOTS FROM EVERY  
WALK OF LIFE AND  
EVERY TORUS-STATE  
HAVE COME SEEKING  
TRANSPORT  
OFF-WORLD.

THEIR  
COMMON  
HOPE IS  
TO ESCAPE  
CYBERTRON'S  
TROUBLES AND  
FIND A NEW  
LIFE OUT THERE  
AMONGST THE  
STARS.

PLEASE REMAIN  
CALM AND STAY  
IN LINE!

WE'LL MOVE  
YOU THROUGH  
THE SECURITY  
CHECKPOINT  
AS QUICKLY AS  
WE CAN!

BUT ALL THE  
AFFORDABLE  
TRANSPORTS  
ARE ALREADY  
TAKING OFF!

LET US  
THROUGH!

HOW 'BOUT  
YOU, FRIEND?  
CAN YOU TELL OUR  
AUDIENCE WHAT  
THIS EXPERIENCE  
HAS BEEN LIKE?

HOW DO  
YOU THINK  
IT'S BEEN,  
BLASTER?

'BOTS WITH  
ENOUGH CREDITS  
CAN MOVE RIGHT  
THROUGH, BUT THE  
REST OF US HAVE  
BEEN STUCK HERE  
FOR DAYS!

WE JUST WANT TO  
LEAVE! WHAT GIVES  
YOU AUTOBOTS THE  
RIGHT TO HOLD US?

DAI ATLAS  
FORESAW  
THIS!

HE SAW  
THE PRIMES'  
CORRUPTION  
AND THE RUIN  
THEY WOULD  
BRING ON OUR  
SOCIETY!

AND NOW THAT  
WE'RE POISED TO  
ABANDON THEIR  
DESPOTIC RULE,  
THEY'RE TRYING TO  
KEEP US FROM OUR  
RIGHTFUL  
DESTINY!

DON'T START  
SPOUTING  
YOUR CIRCLE  
OF LIGHT  
GARBAGE!

US REGULAR  
'BOTS DON'T  
TRUST YOU  
ZEALOTS ANY  
MORE THAN—

OOOKAY.

WELL, YOU CAN  
SEE TENSIONS  
ARE BUILDING  
HERE AT STARSREACH, AS  
THE MASS EXODUS  
FROM CYBERTRON  
CONTINUES.

I'LL KEEP  
YOU POSTED  
AS EVENTS  
UNFOLD HERE  
IN THE HEART  
OF IACON!

THIS IS  
BLASTER,  
SIGNING OFF.

THIS COULD GET  
OUT OF CONTROL.  
FAST. AND BLASTER'S  
PUBLIC INTERVIEWS  
AREN'T HELPING  
THINGS.

FREEDOM OF  
THE PRESS, PROWL.  
NOTHIN' FOR IT.

WELL,  
SPRINGER—  
HE'LL BE LIVIN'  
THE STORY WHEN  
THIS ERUPTS  
INTO A FULL  
RIOT.

LET'S HOPE  
IT DOESN'T  
COME TO THAT.



## KOLKULAR.

...THIS IS  
BLASTER,  
SIGNING  
OFF.

COWARDS.  
WEAKLINGS.

SEE HOW  
QUICKLY THE  
COMMON 'BOTS  
SCURRY IN  
THE FACE OF  
ADVERSITY.

I  
DESPISE  
THEM.

YOU'RE  
SURPRISED BY THIS,  
SCORPONOK?

YOU BLEW A HOLE  
IN THE SIDE OF  
THE PLANET AND  
BURNED MOST OF  
THEIR REMAINING  
ENERGON  
RESERVES.

WHAT  
DID YOU  
EXPECT  
WOULD  
HAPPEN?

EVEN I'M NOT  
SURE WHAT'S LEFT  
FOR US HERE.

WHAT  
POSSIBLE  
USE IS THERE  
IN CONQUERING  
THE WORLD WHEN  
ALL THAT'S LEFT  
ARE BLACKED-  
OUT, LIFELESS  
CITIES?

LIFELESS?  
HEH. LIFE ENDURES,  
STARGREAM.

## METROPLEX. DAI ATLAS ADDRESSES THE CONVOCATION.

MANY  
SHALL  
REMAIN.

THOSE  
THAT STAY  
WILL BE FORCED  
TO FIGHT FOR  
THEIR SURVIVAL  
AMONGST THE  
WRECKAGE.

CYBERTRON WILL  
BE TRANSFORMED  
INTO A VAST  
SAVAGE ARENA.

THE PILLARS  
OF SOCIETY SHALL  
FALL AND THE FRAIL  
VENER OF CIVILITY IS  
STRIPPED AWAY...  
THE STRONG  
SHALL RISE.

THE WEAK  
SHALL BE  
CULLED.

IN LIGHT OF  
RECENT EVENTS,  
I HEREBY RESIGN  
FROM THIS  
CONVOCATION.

I WILL  
LEAD THE  
CIRCLE  
OF LIGHT  
TO A NEW  
WORLD—

—AND THERE,  
WE WILL  
ESTABLISH A  
REFUGE OF  
PEACE AND  
HARMONY.

THOSE OF  
YOU WILLING  
TO LAY DOWN  
YOUR ARMS AND  
RENOUNCE YOUR  
WAR-MONGERING  
FACTIONS ARE  
WELCOME TO  
JOIN US.

REAL  
MAGNANIMOUS  
OF YA', ATLAS—

—BUT MOST  
'BOTS CAN'T  
AFFORD TO JUST  
RELOCATE.

IF WE  
UP AND  
ABANDON  
GLOBAL CIVIL  
SERVICES, THE  
PEOPLE THAT  
STAY WON'T  
HAVE A  
CHANCE!

YOU'VE  
READ THE  
REPORT,  
ATLAS—

—WE'VE  
DISCOVERED  
VAST RESERVES  
OF RAW ENERGON  
RIGHT BENEATH  
THE PLANET'S  
CRUST!

TAINTED  
ENERGON,  
THAT CAUSES  
MADNESS AND  
UNCONTROLLABLE  
FITS OF  
VIOLENCE—

—THE VERY  
THINGS  
WE SEEK TO  
ESCAPE  
FROM!

GIVEN TIME,  
WE COULD  
REFINE IT.

THAT IS, IF WE  
COULD KEEP THE  
GIANT MONSTER  
GUARDING IT FROM  
WAKING UP...

YOU MUST  
ALL WAKE  
UP TO THE  
TRUTH!

THE REAL  
MONSTER HAS  
ALREADY BEEN  
UNLEASHED!

IT IS FEAR  
ITSELF! AND  
IT IS ON THE  
RAMPAGE!





PRIME, WE'RE RECEIVING A **PRIORITY EMERGENCY SIGNAL** FROM PROWL!

PUT IT ON-SCREEN, BUMBLEBEE.

PRIME, WE NEED IMMEDIATE SECURITY REINFORCEMENTS AT THE **SPACEPORT!**

THESE CIVILIANS ARE STARTING TO **TURN** ON US! WE MAY HAVE A **RIOT** ON OUR HANDS!



HOLD THINGS TOGETHER THERE, PROWL! WE'RE ON OUR—

YOU SEE? DO YOU **SEE** WHAT'S HAPPENING ALL AROUND YOU?

NOW IS **NOT** THE TIME, ATLAS!

I WANT ALL AVAILABLE OFFICERS TO CONVERGE ON THE SPACEPORT—I WANT THAT FACILITY LOCKED DOWN, **NOW!**



YOU AND YOUR AUTOBOTS SHOWING UP **ARMED** MAY CAUSE AN EVEN **GREATER PANIC!**

**STAND DOWN,** OPTIMUS. LET THE RIOT BURN ITSELF OUT!

YOU **RESIGNED** FROM THIS CONVOCAATION. I'M ALL **DONE** LISTENING TO YOUR ADVICE.

AUTOBOTS—**ROLL OUT!**



**ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF IACON.**

ROGER THAT, BUMBLEBEE. I GOT PRIME'S MESSAGE.

ON MY WAY NOW—



—KUP OUT.

THERE'S A RIOT ABOUT TO BREAK OUT AT THE SPACEPORT. **SKY LYNX** AND ME ARE NEEDED THERE.

THINK YOU DYNOBOTS CAN **SIT TIGHT** AND STAY OUT OF **TROUBLE?**

WE CAN **HELP!**

OH, I DON'T **THINK** SO, FRIEND.

**LAST THING** I NEED IS YOU GUYS **FLIPPING OUT** ON CIVILIANS IF THINGS GET OUT OF CONTROL.



WE SAID WE'D TURN OURSELVES IN. THAT'S WHAT WE'RE **GOING** TO DO.

YOU DO WHAT YOU **HAVE** TO DO. WE WON'T BE A **PROBLEM.**

**GLAD** TO HEAR IT.



**STARSLASH SPACEPORT.**











LOOKS LIKE I MISSED ALL THE ACTION.



SORRY I'M LATE, PRIME— BUT I BROUGHT SOME FRIENDS WITH ME.

DYNOBOTS! HERE? KUP, ARE YOU INSANE?!

WAIT! WAIT, THEY DIDN'T COME TO—

WE'RE HERE TO **TURN OURSELVES IN!**

WE PLACE OURSELVES IN YOUR **CUSTODY!**



GRIMLOCK, RIGHT?

I'LL BE HONEST— YOUR TIMING COULD HAVE BEEN **BETTER.**

BUT I WAS **HOPING** KUP WOULD FIND YOU.



I APPRECIATE YOU AND YOUR TEAM SURRENDERING **PEACEFULLY.**

IT'S PAST TIME WE **PAID** FOR ALL THE DEATHS WE'VE CAUSED.

YOU'RE REFERRING TO THE **REFINERY EXPLOSION.** IT WAS **SCORPONOK** THAT—

IT STARTED BEFORE THAT. **LONG BEFORE.**



"IT WAS OUR LAST MISSION UNDER NOMINUS. STANDARD **SWEEP AND CLEAR** IN SOME CAVERNS BENEATH **TORAXXIS.**

"BUT WHAT WE FOUND DOWN THERE... THEY WERE **BEASTS.** NIGHTMARES. THEY OVERWHELMED US...

"UNTIL OUR MEDIC, **SKAR,** TRIED SOMETHING CRAZY..."



"HE... RIGGED OUR **ALT-MODES.** HE... SCANNED THE **CREATURES** AND ADAPTED US TO MATCH THEIR **FEROCITY...**

"WE BECAME... **MONSTERS** LIKE THEM. WE MADE IT **OUT,** SURE ENOUGH. BUT WE LEFT THE BEST PART OF WHO WE WERE **DOWN** IN THAT **HOLE.**"



"YOU MEAN **SKAR?** HE DIDN'T MAKE IT **OUT.**"

"NO. I MEAN... I WENT **BERSERK...**

"IT WAS **ME,** PRIME. I KILLED **SKAR.**

"I KILLED MY **BEST FRIEND** BECAUSE I COULDN'T CONTROL THE MONSTER I'D BECOME."



ALL THESE CYCLES OF RUNNING FROM IT ALL...

...I'M SO **TIRED.**

IT'S ALL GOT TO **END** SOMEHOW...

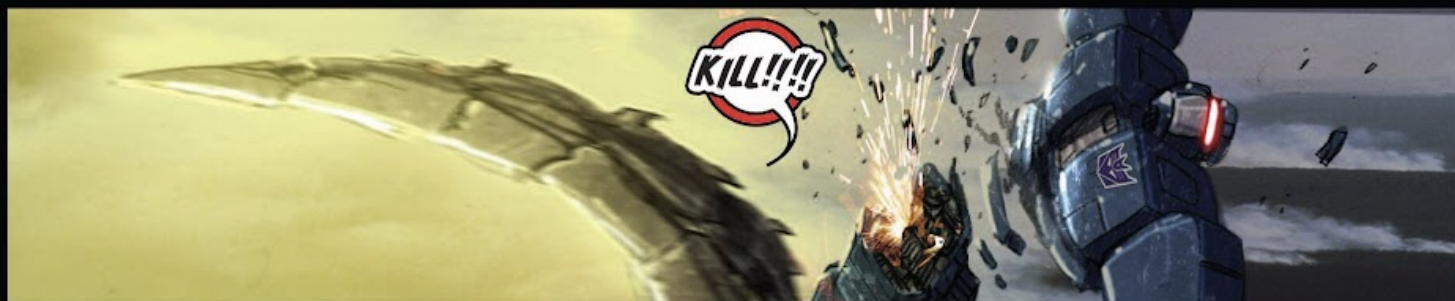
YOU WERE **GOOD SOLDIERS** ONCE.

I GIVE YOU MY **WORD**—I'LL DO EVERYTHING IN MY POWER TO HELP YOU **BREAK THIS CURSE...**











**IDW**  
ISSUE #9

**METZEN  
DILLE  
RAMONDELLI**

THE **TRANS**



**FORMERS**

**MONSTRO**  **SITY**





# THE TRANSFORMERS

Long ago, in the early days of the war on Cybertron...

The destruction of the Toraxxis refinery spurs a mass exodus of those who wish to escape the Autobot/Decepticon conflict. But beneath the ruins lies a dangerous form of energon—lifeblood of the Cybertronian people—that drives 'bots into an uncontrollable fury. Long ago, the Dynobots came in contact with this substance—and now, as Scorponok's Decepticon forces attack the fleeing Cybertronians, the Dynobots' leader, Grimlock, changes into a terrifying alt-mode.

## MONSTROSITY

Chapter 9: UNLEASHED

Story by: CHRIS METZEN & FLINT DILLE

Art and Cover by: LIVIO RAMONDELLI

Letters by: TOM B. LONG

Editor: JOHN BARBER

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**CYBERTRON. STARSREACH SPACEPORT.**







DECEPTICONS,  
STAND YOUR  
GROUND AND  
CONCENTRATE  
FIRE.

LET US SEE HOW  
THIS CREATURE  
HANDLES A MULTI-  
PHASE FUSION  
ACCELERATOR.



GRRRR...

YEEEAARGH!



...GRAH!



THAT... DID  
NOT GO AS I  
EXPECTED.

SHINK  
SHINK  
SHINK



THIS IS  
INSANE!

WE GOT  
NOTHIN' LEFT  
TO THROW AT  
THAT THING!

YOU MAY BE  
CORRECT.  
A TACTICAL  
WITHDRAWAL  
MIGHT BE IN  
ORDER.

DECEPTICONS—  
NEW OPERATIONAL  
PREROGATIVE:  
RETREAT!



WE JUST  
GOT OUR  
TAILPIES  
KICKED IN!

SCORPONOK  
AIN'T GONNA  
BE HAPPY!

WE DID WHAT  
HE ORDERED  
US TO DO,  
ASTROTRAIN...

FAR AS I'M  
CONCERNED...  
MISSION  
ACCOMPLISHED.





BACK  
INSIDE.

DAMNIT,  
GRIMLOCK!  
**STOP  
THIS!**

**GRAAAWWW**



I...  
DON'T  
WANT  
TO...

...HAVE  
TO HURT  
YOU...

...BUT  
IF THAT'S  
WHAT IT  
TAKES...



**GRAAAWWW...**



THERE...  
**BETTER.**  
CHANGE  
MODES.

REMEMBER  
WHO YOU  
ARE. **WHERE**  
YOU ARE.

**TCH-  
TCHU-  
CHUNG-  
TCHAN**



NOW YOU  
SEE... THERE  
IS NO CURE  
FOR THIS  
CURSE.

IT CAN'T BE  
CONTROLLED.



THERE'S **GOT**  
TO BE A WAY,  
GRIMLOCK.

WE HAVE  
SOME OF  
THE BEST  
**SCIENTIFIC**  
MINDS ON  
CYBERTRON!

THEY CAN  
FIGURE  
THIS OUT!

**FIX  
YOU...**



...CAN'T  
THEY,  
PRIME?



## ELSEWHERE.



ASTROTRAIN, I'M NOT DETECTING ANY **PURSUERS**, BUT WE'LL COVER YOU ALL THE WAY BACK TO **KOLKULAR** JUST IN CASE.

WE'RE NOT HEADING BACK, **RAMJET**...



...SCORPONOK'S ORDERED ALL AVAILABLE **UNITS** TO REROUTE AND CONVERGE AT THE **TORAXXIS CRATER**.

**CURIOUS.** WHAT REASON COULD HE HAVE FOR SUMMONING US **THERE**?

WORD IS, HE'S FOUND SOMETHING HE WANTS US TO SEE. SOMETHING... **BIG.**

A HOLE THE SIZE OF HIS **PRESUMPTION**, NO DOUBT.

HUMOR DETECTED. CONCLUSION: **AMUSING.**



I'LL LET 'EM KNOW WE'RE EN ROUTE.

THIS HAD BETTER BE GOOD.

## STARSREACH.



WE'RE ALL OUT OF **OPTIONS**, PRIME.

IT WAS **ALWAYS** COMING TO THIS.

WE'VE GOT TO **LEAVE** THIS WORLD AND NEVER LOOK BACK.

I WON'T ACCEPT THAT. IF THERE'S ONE THING I'VE LEARNED FROM CARRYING THE **MATRIX** WITHIN ME—

—IT'S THAT THERE'S **NOTHING** WE CAN'T OVERCOME IF WE **STAND TOGETHER**.

I KNOW YOU BELIEVE THAT. I'D LOVE TO BELIEVE IT, TOO.

BUT THE "MATRIX" WE'RE ALL CARRYING... IS ONLY CAPABLE OF DESTRUCTION.



DON'T GIVE UP HOPE, GRIMLOCK. THERE'S **GREAT STRENGTH** IN YOU—I SEE IT.

I BELIEVE YOU AND YOUR DYNOBOTS CAN OVERCOME THE BEASTS WITHIN YOU.

BUT IF YOU MAKE THE CHOICE TO **LEAVE** NOW—YOU'LL NEVER STOP **RUNNING** FROM THE FEAR.

YOU **MAY** FIND SOMEWHERE REMOTE TO HIDE OUT—SOMEPLACE WHERE YOU WON'T ENDANGER ANYONE.

BUT IN THE END, YOU CAN'T OUTFRIN WHAT'S **INSIDE** YOU.

STAY.

WE'LL FACE IT **TOGETHER**.

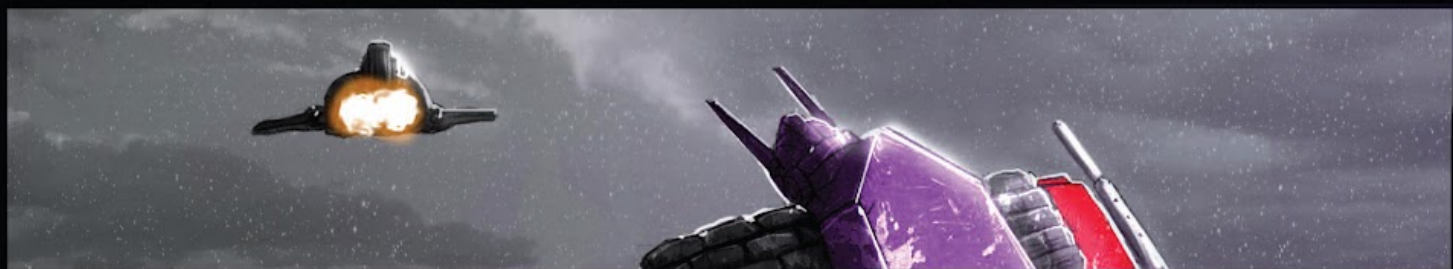


KUP WAS RIGHT.

YOU **AREN'T** LIKE THE OTHER PRIMES.

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN AN **HONOR** TO SERVE UNDER YOU.

SIR.





## THE TORAXXIS CRATER.

BRACE  
YOURSELVES FOR  
TOUCHDOWN,  
GENTLEMEN.

WE'RE  
HERE.

LOOKS LIKE  
THE BOSS  
STARTED THE  
FESTIVITIES  
WITHOUT US.

THOSE  
*SEEKERS*  
ARE BOMBING  
THE HELL  
OUT OF THAT  
CRATER!

WHAT—DID  
SCORPONOK  
DECLARE  
WAR ON THE  
PLANET  
ITSELF?

WHAT IS THE  
MEANING OF THIS,  
SCORPONOK?

WE HAVE  
SUFFERED A  
VERY *VEEXING*  
DEFEAT.

WHAT  
*POSSIBLE*  
BUSINESS  
COULD WE  
HAVE HERE?

*PATIENCE*,  
SHOCKWAVE.  
ALL WILL BE  
REVEALED.

THE ATTACK  
ON THE SPACEPORT  
WAS MERELY TO *FAN*  
THE *FLAMES* OF  
PANIC THROUGHOUT  
THE POPULACE—

—TO SHOW THEM  
THAT THERE IS  
*NO ESCAPE* FROM  
WHAT I'M ABOUT  
TO *UNLEASH*...

BWA-THAM  
BWA-THAM  
BWA-THAM

BWA-THAM

AND WHAT  
PRECISELY  
MIGHT  
THAT BE?

SOMETHING THE  
ERSTWHILE AUTOBOTS  
DISCOVERED FOR US...  
SOMETHING *PRIMAL* AND  
*UNCONTROLLABLE*.

SOMETHING  
THAT WILL BRING THIS  
*HOLLOW CIVILIZATION*  
CRASHING TO ITS *KNEES*...



# RUMMMBLE RUMMMBLE

VIOLENT *SEISMIC*  
ACTIVITY DETECTED  
THROUGHOUT REGIONAL  
SUB-STRATA.

MASSIVE  
TECTONIC EVENT  
IMMINENT!

SCORPONOK...  
WHAT HAVE  
YOU DONE?

I HAVE  
**BROKEN**  
THE LOCKS.

**RELEASED**  
THE CHAINS.

AND ROUSED  
A **WRATH** SO  
TERRIBLE...



...THAT THIS  
WORLD WILL  
**NEVER** BE  
THE SAME.

YOU ARE  
WITNESSING THE  
DAWNING OF A **NEW**  
AGE... WHERE THE  
DECEPTICON IDEAL—  
**SURVIVAL OF THE**  
**FITTEST**—WILL REIGN  
FOR A THOUSAND  
GENERATIONS!


THE **PURER**  
WORLD MEGATRON  
ONCE ENVISIONED  
COULD NEVER HAVE  
BEEN WON THROUGH  
**POLITICAL CONTROL**  
OR **SUBVERSION!**

IT COULD  
NEVER HAVE  
**BLOSSOMED**  
UPON THE  
DESICCATED  
**HUSK** OF OUR  
**BLOATED**  
SOCIETY!







"NO... THE  
FUTURE WE  
FORGE—



"—WILL BE  
BORN OF *FIRE*  
AND *TERROR*."



"IT WILL RISE  
FROM THE  
TRAMPLED  
ASHES OF THE  
OLD WORLD—



"—AND NONE  
SHALL STAND  
AGAINST IT."



"AND IN THE FACE  
OF UTTER RUIN..."

"...THE **STRONG**, AT  
LAST, SHALL RISE."

**TO BE CONTINUED!**



**IDW**  
ISSUE #10

**METZEN  
DILLE  
RAMONDELLI**

**THE TRANSFORMERS**



**FORMERS**

**MONSTROSITY**





# THE TRANSFORMERS

Long ago, in the early days of the war on Cybertron...

Optimus Prime tries to hold together a population that increasingly turns against the burgeoning war his Autobots face. Meanwhile, Scorponok—having exiled Megatron to a distant planet—now leads the Decepticons... and he unleashes an ancient terror from the depths of the ravaged world of Cybertron...

## MONSTROSITY

Chapter 10: THE ILLUSION OF CONTROL

Story by: CHRIS METZEN & FLINT DILLE

Art and Cover by: LIVIO RAMONDELLI

Letters by: TOM B. LONG

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## METROPLEX. OPTIMUS' QUARTERS.

YOU FEAR  
THAT THE  
CENTER  
CANNOT  
HOLD.

DAI ATLAS.  
GRIMLOCK.

COUNTLESS  
OTHERS  
HAVE LEFT  
THIS WORLD  
BEHIND...

...AND YOU  
FEEL AS IF  
YOU'VE **FAILED**  
THEM. YOU'RE  
ANGRY AT  
YOURSELF.

YES. IT'S ALL  
BREAKING DOWN.  
I **LED** THEM ALL  
TO THIS, **TRION**...

DID  
YOU?

WE ALL  
MAKE OUR  
OWN CHOICES.  
HAVE FAITH,  
**OPTIMUS**...

...A LEADER'S  
JOB ISN'T  
ALWAYS TO MAKE  
**DETERMINATIONS**  
FOR HIS  
FOLLOWERS—  
BUT TO TEACH  
THEM TO MAKE  
THEIR OWN.

SOMETIMES,  
THESE LESSONS  
TAKE A WHILE TO  
**SINK IN**.

PERHAPS.

**SKRW**

OR PERHAPS I'M  
ANGRY... BECAUSE  
THEY'VE ALL  
**BROKEN FREE**,  
WHILE I'M CHAINED  
HERE—

—UNABLE TO  
PERFORM THIS  
**IMPOSSIBLE**  
DUTY.

YOUR FRUSTRATION IS  
**UNDERSTANDABLE**,  
BUT I KNOW YOU  
DON'T REALLY—

PRIME,  
WE NEED YOU  
IN **CENTRAL**  
**CONTROL**!

NOT NOW,  
**BUMBLEBEE**!

IT'S  
**BAD**,  
SIR...

WHAT IS IT?  
**WHAT'S**  
**HAPPENED?**

IT MIGHT  
BE THE  
**END OF THE**  
**WORLD**...

## MOMENTS LATER, AT THE COMMAND CENTER.

**SCORPONOK** AND  
THE **DECEPTICONS**  
SHOWED UP OUT OF  
NOWHERE AND CARPET-  
BOMBED THE AREA WITH  
SEISMIC CHARGES.

THERE WAS  
NOTHING WE  
COULD DO BUT  
**RETREAT**.

YOU DID  
THE RIGHT  
THING,  
**JETFIRE**.

IF THERE'S  
ANY HOPE OF  
STOPPING THIS  
CREATURE, IT'LL  
TAKE ALL OF  
US WORKING  
**TOGETHER**.

**SILVERBOLT**—



—WHAT'S THE SITUATION WHERE YOU ARE?

THE CREATURE'S HEADING TOWARD HARMONEX, SIR!

CIVIL AUTHORITIES ARE TRYING TO EVACUATE THE NEIGHBORING TORUS-CITIES—

—BUT THIS THING IS REALLY MOVING!

HARMONEX IS **LOST** ALREADY—BUT MAYBE WE CAN **SLOW** THE BEAST DOWN.

**IRONHIDE**, ASSEMBLE A FULL STRIKE-TEAM.

WE'LL NEED **EVERYONE**.

YOU GOT IT, BOSS.

**MAGNUS**, WE'LL NEED AS MANY INDUSTRIAL-GRADE PHASE-CHARGES, GRAV-INHIBITORS, AND FUSION-BORERS AS WE CAN **SCROUNGE**.

RIGHT AWAY, **PRIME**.

EVEN WITH ALL THAT **HEAVY ORDINANCE**, WE MAY NOT EVEN GET THAT THING'S **ATTENTION**.

WHAT HAPPENS IF WE **DON'T**? IF WE **CAN'T** STOP IT?

I DON'T HAVE A PLAN **YET**, BUMBLEBEE.

BUT I'M **WORKING** ON IT...

**LATER, WITHIN THE HEART OF METROPLEX.**

METROPLEX?

I CAME HERE TO...

I MUST ASK FOR YOUR **AID** ONCE AGAIN.

I AM HERE, OLD FRIEND. AND I HAVE BEEN **WATCHING**...

THEN, YOU KNOW OF THE **CREATURE** THAT'S BEEN UNLEASHED?

IT IS A **TERROR** FROM A **FORGOTTEN AGE**.

THE SPAWN OF **MORTILUS**. A VAST, MINDLESS ENGINE OF **DESTRUCTION**. THE ANCIENTS KNEW IT... AS **TRYPTICON**.

MANY AGES AGO... I FOUGHT TO **SUBDU**E THE BEAST. I WAS THERE WHEN IT WAS **SEALED AWAY** BENEATH THE **WORLD**.

THEN PLEASE—**STAND** WITH US. HELP US DEFEAT IT AS YOU DID BEFORE!

I **WOULD**, OLD FRIEND. BUT MY **ENERGON RESERVES** HAVE RUN **PERILOUSLY LOW**.

I **FEAR** I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH ENERGY TO ASSUME MY **TRUE FORM**.

I **CANNOT** AID YOU.

THEN IT'S AS I **FEARED**...

WE MUST FACE TRYPTICON... **ALONE**.



# KOLKULAR, SCORPONOK'S SANCTUM.

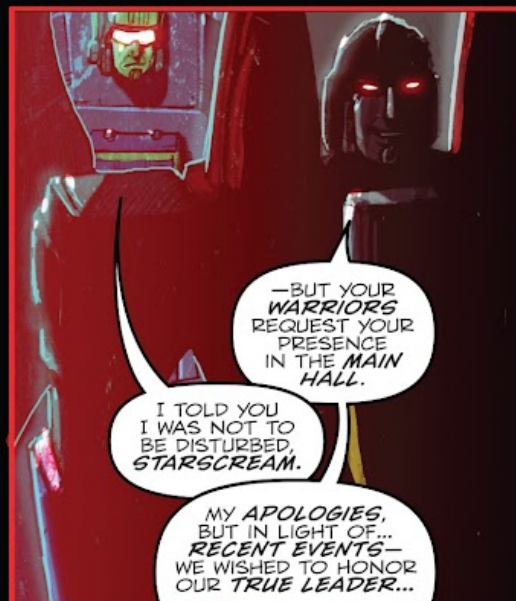


YES... YES!  
DESTROY.

GRIND IT  
ALL BENEATH  
YOUR RAGE!

LET THE WEAK  
TREMBLE AND  
SCURRY LIKE THE  
TECHNO-ROACHES  
THEY ARE.

GREAT  
SCORPONOK,  
I KNOW YOU'RE  
ENJOYING  
THE CARNAGE  
YOU'VE SET IN  
MOTION—



—BUT YOUR  
WARRIORS  
REQUEST YOUR  
PRESENCE  
IN THE MAIN  
HALL.

I TOLD YOU  
I WAS NOT TO  
BE DISTURBED,  
STARScream.

MY APOLOGIES,  
BUT IN LIGHT OF...  
RECENT EVENTS—  
WE WISHED TO HONOR  
OUR TRUE LEADER...



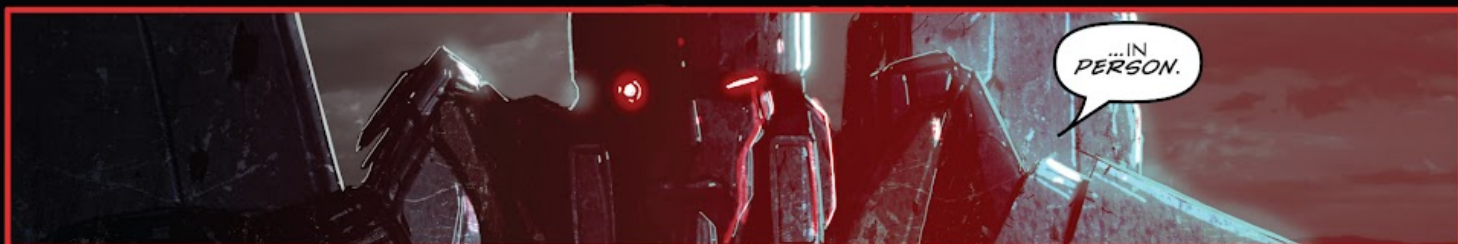
THIS HAD BETTER  
BE GOOD,  
STARScream.

I DON'T  
HAVE TIME FOR  
FOOLISH—

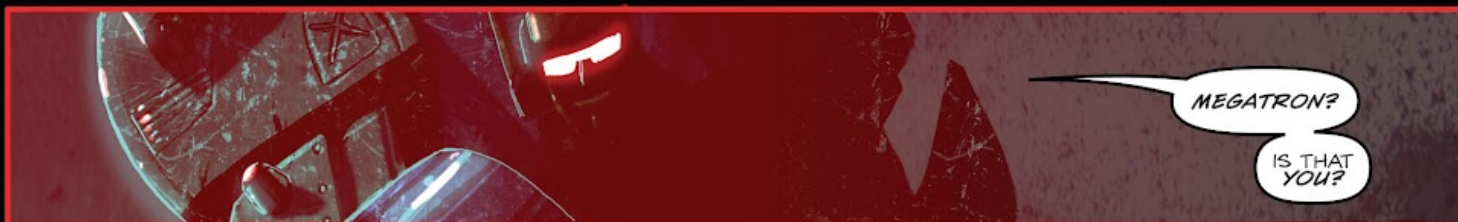
—WHA—?



IT'S GOOD OF YOU TO  
WELCOME ME HOME,  
SCORPONOK...

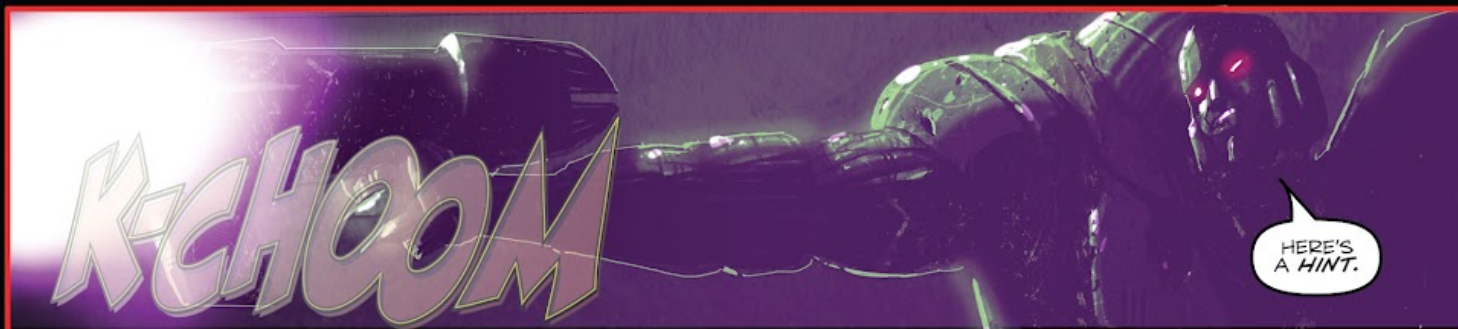


...IN  
PERSON.



MEGATRON?

IS THAT  
YOU?



K-CHOO

HERE'S  
A HINT.

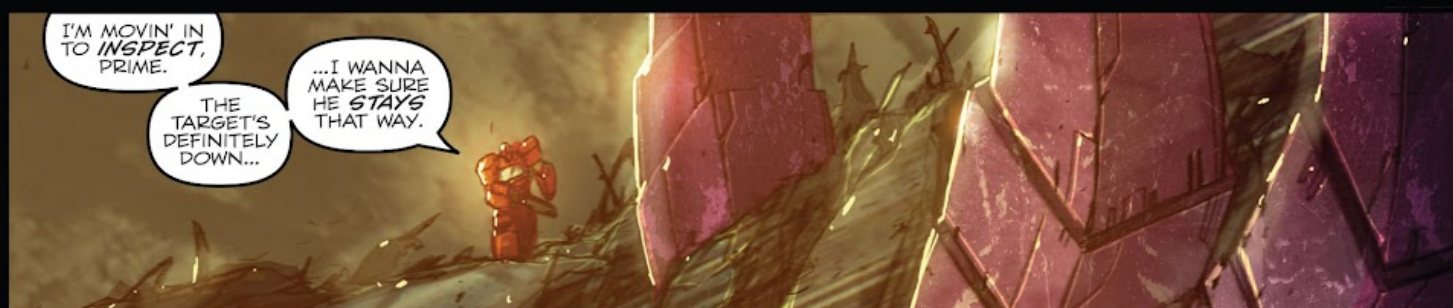














**KOLKULAR.**

WHERE DO  
YOU THINK  
YOU CAN  
**CRAWL** TO?

THERE'S NO  
**ESCAPE** FROM  
THIS RECKONING,  
SCORPONOK.

THERE'LL  
BE NO **TRIAL**...  
NO INGLORIOUS  
**EXILE** FOR YOU...

NOT WHERE  
IT **COUNTED**.

**GRAAAAH!**

THIS ISN'T  
**POSSIBLE**...  
YOU WERE  
**BEATEN.**  
**BROKEN!**

**KRAANG**



M-MERCY...  
MERCY...

HEH.

**RAAARRGGH!**

**KECHOOM**

HUN-GAR,  
I PROMISED  
YOU AND YOUR  
**TERRORCONS**  
A SHARE OF THE  
SPOILS WHEN I  
RETOOK WHAT  
WAS RIGHTFULLY  
**MINE**...



...WELL...  
NOW YOU  
MAY FEED.

BUT—  
LEAVE ENOUGH  
OF HIM *INTACT*  
SO THAT HIS  
*PAIN CENTERS*  
CONTINUE TO  
FUNCTION.

WITH *PLEASURE*,  
LORD MEGATRON.

NO,  
PLEASE...

RAAARRGH!

NOOOO!

RAUURGH!

WELL THEN, WHERE  
*WERE* WE?

WE ARE  
SO *PLEASED*  
TO HAVE YOU  
BACK, MIGHTY  
MEGATRO—

DO NOT  
SPEAK UNLESS  
*SPOKEN TO*,  
STARSCREAM.

WE'LL DISCUSS  
*YOUR* PART IN THIS  
*COUP* LATER.

AAAAARRRRGH!

*SHOCKWAVE*, MAKE  
PREPARATIONS  
TO *REPAIR* ME,  
IMMEDIATELY.

I'VE WORN THE  
WRECKAGE OF  
*JUNKION* LONG  
ENOUGH...

AS YOU WILL,  
LORD  
MEGATRON.

NOW... SOMEBODY  
TELL ME WHAT'S  
BEEN DONE TO  
*MY* WORLD.

TO BE CONTINUED!



**IDW**  
ISSUE #11

**METZEN  
DILLE  
RAMONDELLI**

**THE TRANSFORMERS**



**FORMERS**

**MONOSITY**





# THE TRANSFORMERS

Long ago, in the early days of the war on Cybertron...

Megatron—returning from the death world Junkion with the Terrorcons in tow—ousts Scorponok and resumes his position as leader of the Decepticons. Meanwhile, after Optimus Prime and the Autobots are able to incapacitate the massive beast Trypticon unleashed by Scorponok, they race to ensure it can't be allowed to terrorize Cybertron any longer...

## MONSTROSITY

Chapter 11: ANNIHILATION

Story by: CHRIS METZEN & FLINT DILLE

Art and Cover by: LIVIO RAMONDELLI

Letters by: TOM B. LONG

Editor: JOHN BARBER

Special thanks to Hasbro's Aaron Archer, Jerry Jivoin, Michael Verret, Ed Lane, Joe Furfaro, Jos Huxley, Andy Schmidt, Heather Hopkins, and Michael Kelly for their invaluable assistance.

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## THE DESOLATION OF HARMONEX.

IRONHIDE,  
REPORT!

APPROACHING  
THE CREATURE  
NOW, PRIME.

THIS DAMN  
THING AIN'T  
MOVIN', BUT  
SOMETHIN'S  
NOT RIGHT,  
HERE...

SREEEE

GAH!

WHAT THE  
HELL ARE  
THESE  
THINGS?!

WE ASSUMED  
THEY WERE  
INDIGENOUS TO  
THE CAVERNS  
BENEATH  
TORAXXIS...

...BUT IT  
LOOKS LIKE  
THEY'RE BEING  
MANUFACTURED  
WITHIN  
TRYPTICON'S  
INTERNAL  
FOUNDERIES!

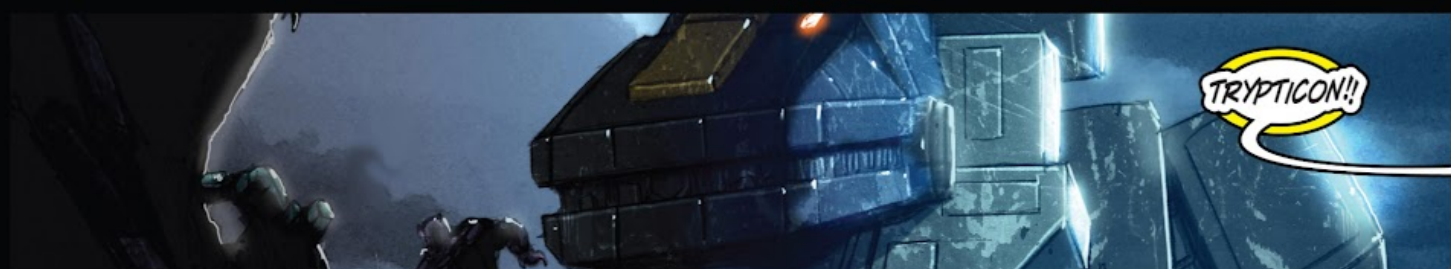
PRIME, IF  
RATCHET'S RIGHT—  
WE'RE GONNA GET  
OVERRUN FAST!

WE'RE  
IN DEEP  
TROUBLE  
HERE!

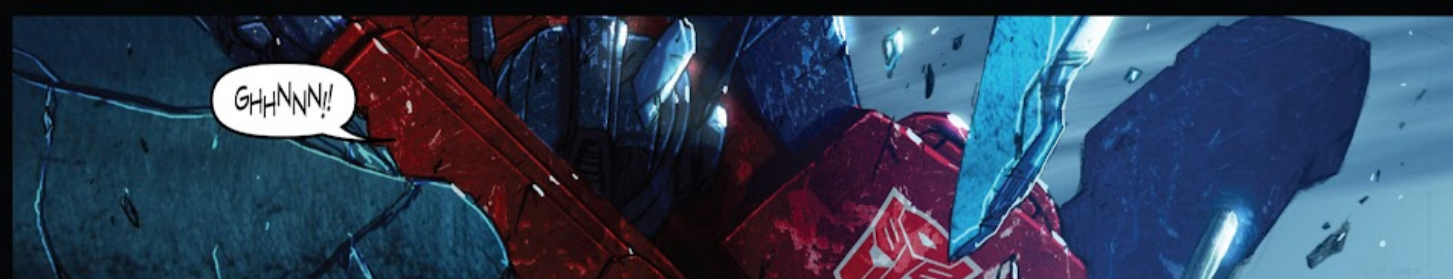
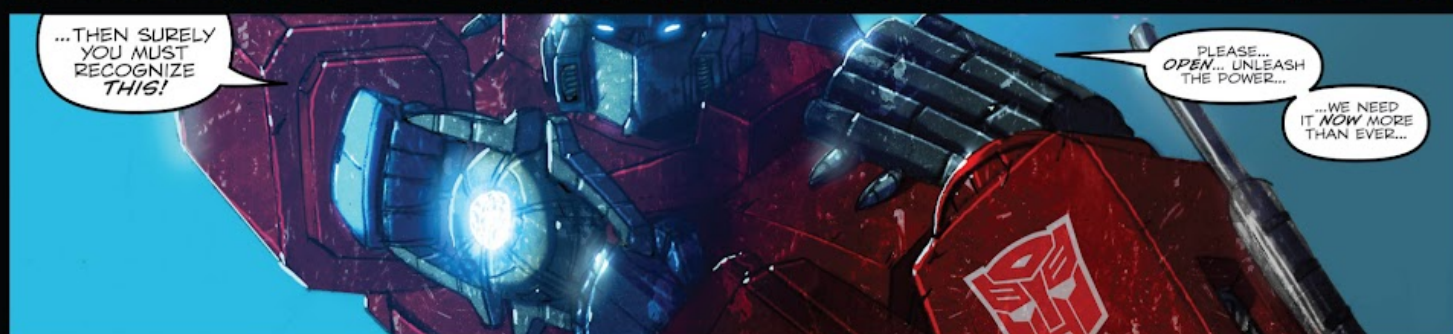
UNDERSTOOD,  
IRONHIDE.

HOLD  
THE LINE—  
I'M ON MY  
WAY.













THE MATRIX... HAS *FAILED*.



AS *I* HAVE FAILED...



# THOOOOM



HOW COULD  
IT END HERE...  
LIKE *THIS*?

AFTER ALL THE *STRIFE*...  
ALL THE *SACRIFICE*...

...BELIEVING THAT MY  
LEADERSHIP... WOULD  
MAKE AT LEAST *SOME*  
KIND OF DIFFERENCE...



WHAT IF  
*DAI ATLAS*  
WAS RIGHT?

WHAT IF THE  
MATRIX WAS  
*WRONG*...

...TO CHOOSE ME?



*NO.*

THE MATRIX IS LIFE.

AND WHERE THERE IS LIFE...

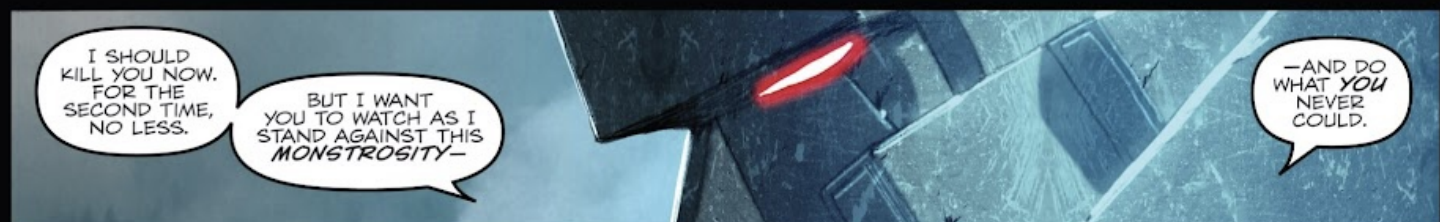
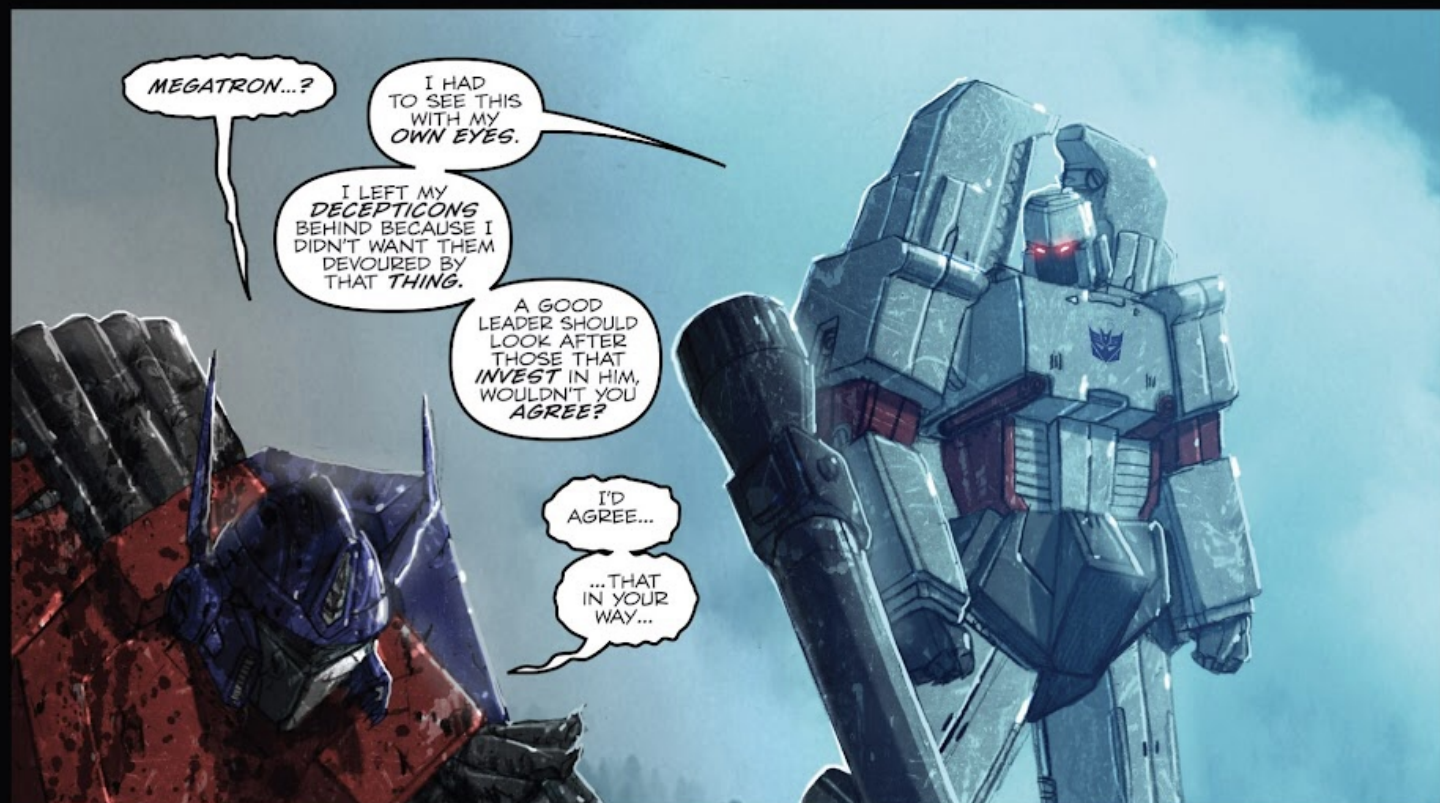


...THERE IS *HOPE*...

DYNOBOTS—



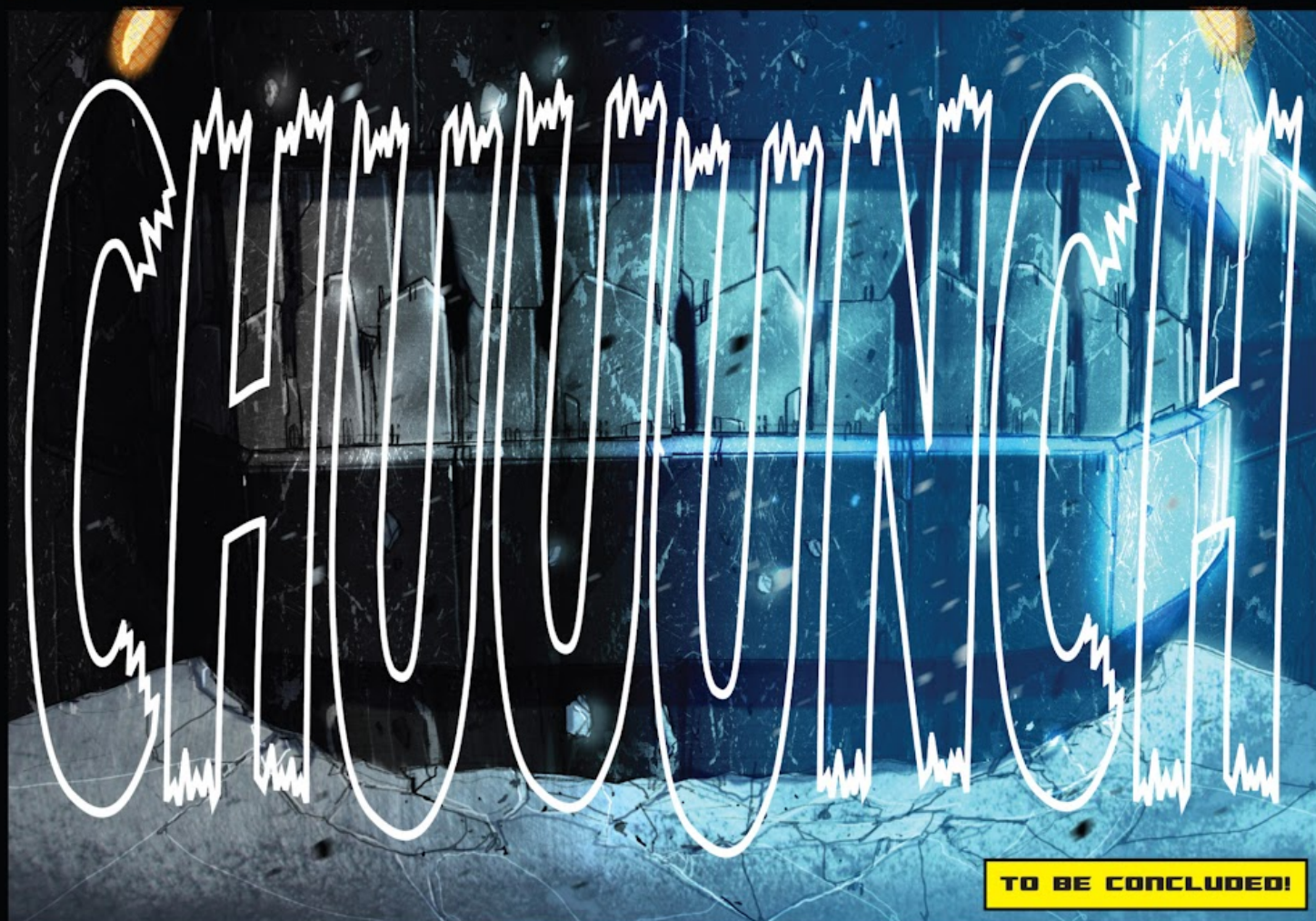














**IDW**  
ISSUE #12

**METZEN  
DILLE  
RAMONDELLI**

THE **TRANSFORMERS**



**FORMERS**

**MONSTROSITY**





# THE TRANSFORMERS

Long ago, in the early days of the war on Cybertron...

Megatron reclaims leadership of the Decepticons—and faces the ancient behemoth called Trypticon. Optimus Prime stages a last-ditch effort to use the Matrix itself against the monstrous creature—and fails. Only Grimlock and the Dynobots comprehend Trypticon—having themselves encountered the corrupted energon that powers the creature, they now live in a constant struggle with their dark sides. As Grimlock and Megatron confront the beast—Trypticon's massive jaw bites down on them!

## MONSTROSITY

### Chapter 12: BELLY OF THE BEAST

Story by: CHRIS METZEN & FLINT DILLE

Art and Cover by: LIVIO RAMONDELLI

Letters by: TOM B. LONG

Editor: JOHN BARBER

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DEVoured.

SWALLOWED WHOLE.

THINGS ARE JUST STARTING TO GET INTERESTING...

LIFE... HAS TAKEN STRANGE TURNS, LATELY.

LOST HERE WITHIN THE BELLY OF THE BEAST... BUT STILL I LIVE.

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT, MEGATRON.

WE'VE BEEN SWALLOWED BY A TITANIC PRIMORDIAL HORROR AND ALL YOU CAN THINK TO DO IS FIGHT ME?

YUP.

RAAAAGH!

I ALWAYS ADMIRERD YOUR SINGLE-MINDEDNESS, GRIMLOCK...

...BUT THAT'S ABOUT IT.

YOU PICKED THE WRONG DAY TO ANGER M—

SKREEE SKREEE

THE DRAGON-BEASTS—THEY'RE INSIDE TRYPTICON'S SUPERSTRUCTURE!

YOU SOUND SCARED.

PLEASE.

BUT IF WE'RE GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE—WE'LL HAVE TO WORK TOGETHER.

FINE.

BUT AS SOON AS WE'RE CLEAR—I'M GONNA END YOU.

SKREEE

I LOOK FORWARD TO YOU TRYING, DYNABOT.

SKRRRAAGH

SKRRRAAGH







"I BELIEVE IN HIM."

UNF!

SLAM

GRIMLOCK!

SLIPPING...  
CAN'T...

OH, NO—  
YOU DON'T  
GET OFF  
THAT EASY,  
GRIMLOCK.

ODDS ARE,  
I'M GOING  
TO *NEED* YOU  
TO GET OUT  
OF HERE.

*FAIR ENOUGH.*

LOOK—  
IT'S A  
MASSIVE  
PLASMA-  
CORE!

THIS  
MUST BE  
TRYPTICON'S  
POWER  
BASE!

THOSE  
TANKS!

IT'S  
VOLATILE  
ENERGON  
FROM THE  
CISTERNS  
BENEATH  
TORAXXIS.

THAT STUFF  
HEIGHTENS  
AGGRESSION—  
BOOSTS  
YOUR POWER  
LEVELS...

...AND  
HE'S BEEN  
FEEDING  
OFF IT FOR  
MILLIONS  
OF YEARS...

THEN PERHAPS  
HE'S TASTED  
ENOUGH.

IF WE  
*DESTROY*  
THIS CORE—  
WE CAN SHUT  
TRYPTICON  
DOWN FOR  
GOOD!

YOU  
WITH  
ME?

SHUT  
UP AND  
COVER  
ME.

I'LL DO  
WHAT NEEDS  
DOIN'.

MAKE IT  
*FAST*...  
OUR TIME'S  
RUN OUT!





THERE'S NOT MUCH MORE WE CAN DO HERE. WE SHOULD ORDER A TACTICAL WITHDRAWAL.

BUT THESE DRAGONS ARE STILL SWARMING, MAGNUS!

SHOULD WE JUST LEAVE THEM TO—

THEY'RE A DISTRACTION! IF WE DON'T START ACTING STRATEGICALLY, TRYPTICON WILL FLATTEN IACON!



I DON'T SEE HOW WE CAN—

DOWN!



PULL IT TOGETHER, AUTOBOTS! GET BACK IN THE FIGHT!

TRYPTICON'S TOO STRONG FOR OUR WEAPONS...

YEAH, BUT HE COULD BE KILLED FROM THE INSIDE.

WHAT?

GRIMLOCK'S IN THERE, SOMEWHERE.

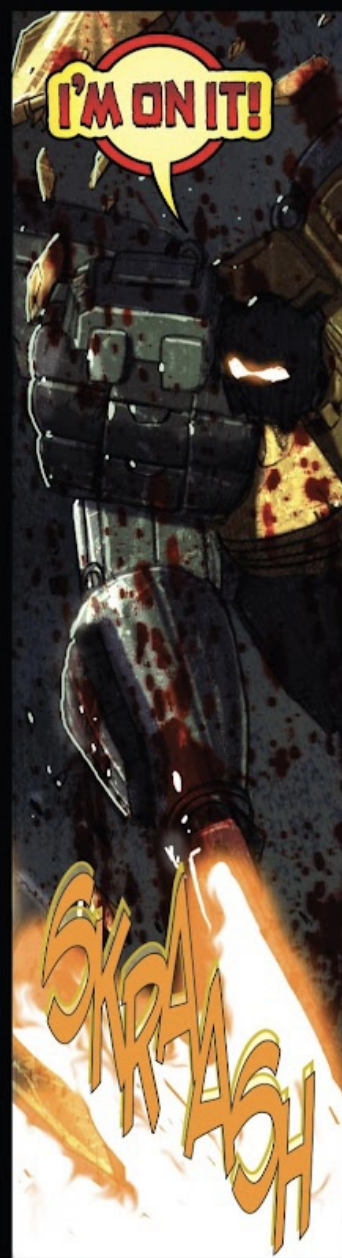
AND I GUARANTEE YOU...

...HE'S STILL FIGHTIN'.

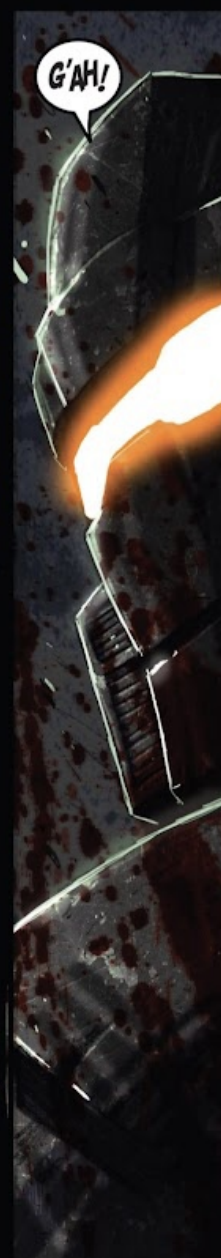


WITHIN TRYPTICON.

IF YOU'RE GOING TO DO SOMETHING, DO IT QUICK!



I'M ON IT!



G'AH!







GGRAA





AS YOU CAN SEE, YOU ARE **HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED**.

YOUR FORCES ARE NEARLY DEPLETED OF **WEAPONS AND AMMUNITION**—AND **NONE** OF YOU ARE IN ANY CONDITION TO FIGHT ANY **FURTHER**.

BUT I RESPECT WHAT YOU FOUGHT **FOR** TODAY.

IN HONOR OF THAT, IF YOU **DEPART NOW** AND LEAVE **TRYPTICON** TO ME—I'LL LET YOU LIVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY.

YOU'RE **DELUSIONAL**, MEGATRON!

YOU MAY HAVE US **OUTGUNNED**—

—BUT THERE'S **NO WAY** IN HELL WE'RE LEAVING THIS MONSTER IN **YOUR** HANDS!

LET 'EM HAVE IT...

...WITHOUT ALL THAT **RAGE-JUICE**—

—OL' **TRYPTICON'S** NOTHING MORE THAN A GIANT **HEAD OF SCRAP**.

TRUE ENOUGH.

BUT WHAT OF YOUR VOW TO **"END ME,"** GRIMLOCK?

IS THERE NO **RAGE** LEFT WITHIN **YOU**, EITHER?

REST ASSURED—WE'LL SETTLE THE SCORE.

BUT IT'LL BE ME THAT CHOOSES THE ARENA...

YOU AUTOBOTS—HELP ME GET **PRIME** UP AND OUT OF HERE.

NO USE IN ANYONE ELSE DYING TODAY.

WHAT ABOUT YOU AND YOUR DYNOBOTS'... **CONDITION?**

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SMART, RIGHT?

WELL, WHEN YER DONE FIXIN' **PRIME**, YOU CAN START ON **US**.

LEAP OF FAITH FOR US **BOTH**.

YOU WANT WE SHOULD **MOW 'EM DOWN**, LORD MEGATRON?

END THIS RIGHT **HERE** AND **NOW?**

**NO.**

LET THEM **GO**.

LET THEM **CRAWL BACK** TO IACON AND NURSE THEIR **WOUNDS**, SKYWARD...

"...SOON, THE **GAME** WILL BEGIN **ANEW**."

"I WILL BRING **WAR** UPON THESE AUTOBOTS UNLIKE **ANYTHING** THEY CAN IMAGINE."

"AND IN **THAT** HOUR—**MEGATRON** SHALL AT LAST **REIGN SUPREME**."



LATER.



END!